

K. Sigwart

SIGEVART,

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A TALE.

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TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN,

By H. L.



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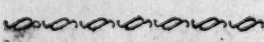
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SIGEVART.



SIGEVART, a young man of the happiest disposition, was born in Suabia, in a village of the principality of Cæthingen, situated upon the banks of the Danube. His father, who possessed all that frankness of character for which the Suabians are distinguished, had enjoyed, for twenty-four years, the office of bailiff in the village. Having been deprived of his wife by a premature death, he was left a widower with two daughters and three sons, of whom Sigevart was the youngest. Sigevart was of a lively temper, fond of the society of children of his own age, and never so happy as when he saw them amuse themselves, or when he could contribute by any little acts of kindness, to the

increase of their pleasures. When the winter confined him to the house he was uneasy and restless; the company of his brothers and of two little sisters as fond of play as himself, was not sufficient for him. Sometimes he would call in all the little peasants who passed the door, and amuse himself with them in his father's hall; and sometimes he would steal into the stable, to look at the horses; or taking his little *traineau* glide with the greatest velocity down the sides of the steepest mountains. When the fine weather returned, it was impossible to keep him in the house. He was occupied incessantly with his top, his ball, and other childish amusements. Sometimes united with his play-fellows, he would form a mock hunting party. One was the stag, and the others soon surrounded the forest in the manner which they had seen practised by the huntsmen of the prince. Sometimes they amused themselves with a mock engagement. Sigevart divided his play-fellows into

two bands; one he called Austrians, the other Prussians; but though the sovereign of the village was an ally of Austria, Sigevart always took the command of the Prussians, because he had heard they generally obtained the victory. In the heat of summer, Sigevart, who was the best swimmer of all the children in the village, bathed himself in the Danube, and tho' more than once he was saved from drowning, merely by some fishermen who came to his assistance, yet regardless of danger, he returned the next day to the river. He spent half his time in looking for birds nests, and never thought a tree on which he had perceived one, too high for him to climb. Yet Sigevart was not cruel to birds; but when he found a nest with young ones, he would content himself with taking the handsomest to bring up, leaving the others to their parents. The father of Sigevart judged from these circumstances that he was calculated either for a hunter or a soldier.

He purposed, when he should be fifteen years old (he was now thirteen) to place him with his brother, who, being chief huntsman to the Prince, could instruct him in his own profession: he therefore was not eager to instruct him in Latin and the sciences, but endeavoured only to unfold in him the good qualities of the German character, and to found them on the solid basis of religion and morality. Sigevart was fully apprised of his father's design, and longed to see it put in execution; but his hopes were of short duration, they were suddenly overthrown by some unforeseen circumstances, and the plan of his father was entirely altered. Though Sigevart appeared to be born only with those bold and manly qualities, which characterise the gallant spirit of the German, yet the charms of tranquil nature made a sweet impression on his soul. Frequently, while at play with his companions, he would suddenly disappear, and withdrawing himself to some retired mea-

dow, form a wild garland of its different sweets. A close observer of the varied scenes of nature, every insect attracted his attention ; he watched the bee as she plunged herself into the cups of the flowers, and afterwards bore away the nectarious juice upon her loaded thighs. His steps were arrested by the sweet warbling of the birds ; the lark, the linnet, and above all, the nightingale, though he was unacquainted with her name, charmed him by their mellifluous songs. Often, when stretched by the side of a stream which fell from a lofty mountain, and as it ran murmuring over the pebbles, washed the long moss that grew upon its turfy banks, an unusual sensation, an extraordinary melancholy, took full possession of his soul. When he arose from the place, his eyes were animated ; if he met one of his young acquaintance, he pressed his hand with more than usual warmth, and shared with him his present meal. Sometimes he would repair to his mo-

ther's grave, which he had surrounded with jessamin and rose trees, and o'erpowered by tender emotion, melt into tears. Noise did not easily disturb his sleep; but when a nightingale, at the rising of Aurora, perched on an apple tree in the garden near his chamber window, warbled her melodious and enchanting strains, he awoke with eagerness, joy sparkled in his eyes, he leaped to the foot of the bed, where he listened with motionless attention, and observed with delight the sun rise behind the trees; he was, however, still more charmed with her song when he heard it amid the stilness of the night, when the flowers of the earth and of the trees embalmed the air with their most delicious odours, and the moon shed her soft and peaceful light over the profound silence of nature. At these times, the feelings of young Sigevart were exalted to enthusiasm; he thought of one of his brothers who had died about four years before, when he had scarcely attained his

sixth year; and his tender regret one day inspired him with some melancholy verses, in which he celebrated his good qualities. Plunged in these thoughts, he forgot his own existence, and that of the universe. It was in vain to call him to supper; he heard nothing, and remained in his reverie, 'till his father or his brother came to rouse him from it. During supper, he was melancholy and silent. Afterwards, he returned to the window, listened to the nightingale till a late hour, and passed the rest of the night in dreams, in which he appeared to see his brother wandering in the abode of the blessed. One evening, his father, going to see an old friend who was settled in a convent of Capuchins, was accompanied by the young Sigevart. The evening was remarkably fine. They crossed a thick wood, where the song of the linnet, the thrush, and the nightingale, was mingled with the tender cooing of the stock dove. The obscurity of the forest, and the plaintive notes of the thrushes, dis-

posed the mind of the young Sigevert to its usual religious melancholy, and the serious reflections of his father on the beauties of nature, and on the love of the Creator of the universe, contributed to plunge him still deeper into it; they spoke also of the convent to which they were going: you will see there, said the father, several respectable persons, who, having experienced the iniquity of the world, have quitted it early, to serve God in peace, to subdue their passions, and to prepare themselves for eternity; such is my dear friend, the venerable father Anthony, whom we are going to visit. But all monks do not resemble him. I tell you this, that you may not imagine cloisters to be inhabited only by angels. When they left the wood, they reached the summit of a hill, at the bottom of which stood the convent: on the right hand, the setting sun concealed his golden orb behind the oaks of the forest, while his last rays played on the bended ears which waved in soft

undulations upon the rich surface of the harvest. The webs of the industrious spider, spread here and there like a carpet, reflected all the colours of the rainbow. An arm of the Danube which ran slowly across the meadow, reflected the splendid spectacle of the setting sun, and the glowing scene was painted at the bottom of its tranquil waters; upon the left, the veil of night began to obscure the horizon: situated in this retired valley, the convent seemed the abode of silence and of peace. The top of the roof, which was covered with plates of copper, still reflected a faint light. Behind the building, arose some lofty fir trees, forming a dark back-ground to the scene. All was silent, when, suddenly, the sacred harmony of the bells summoning the monks to prayers, re-echoed through the valley, and forcibly struck the mind of the young Sigevart, who thought that the country was become a temple. His heart beat high; involuntary tears, proceed.

ing as much from melancholy as from pleasure, stole down his cheeks; he walked forward in silence, and approached the gate of the convent with mingled emotions of joy and apprehension. A venerable grey haired monk received them with the most engaging affability, and as he was acquainted with the elder Sigevart, he led them both to the refectory. They found there about thirty monks, most of them respectable old men, who all rose to receive them. These saluted the father of Sigevart with a tranquil and agreeable smile, and embraced him successively with fraternal affection. They also pressed the hand of young Sigevart, and his heart palpitated. The two guests were invited to partake of the frugal repast of the good fathers. Tranquility and peace reigned upon every countenance, and they shewed to each other the tenderest friendship. Sigevart looked at them one after another, and his mind was entirely occupied with the idea of the happi-

ness which he supposed them to enjoy. Already he loved them all, and was unable to conceal his satisfaction when any of them smiled upon him, or spoke to him. The venerable father Anthony, by whose side he was placed, had particularly gained his affection.—Father Gregory, said the elder Sigevart to an old monk, how long have you been in this convent? It is now four and forty years, replied the monk, since, thanks be to God, I left the world, to come and serve him in this cloister, where I wait in peace the approach of death. Hitherto, I have never been ill, but I now begin to feel my end is near. I have seen many of my brethren depart before me, who I thought would have wept over my grave; but my turn must necessarily come at last, and I believe, said he smilingly, that the next bier will be mine. God forbid! said the fathers, God forbid that we should lose you so soon. The old man raised to heaven his eyes bedewed

with tears, and a profound silence ensued. At length, the Father Superior rose from table, and all the monks followed his example. The father of Sigevart intended to return by the light of the moon, which rose at ten o'clock; but the Superior and father Anthony prevailed upon him to sleep at the convent, observing that it would be too late to reach his village. We have not very good accommodations to offer you, said they, but we will do our best; we shall at least have the pleasure of passing the evening together, and who knows, whether heaven will permit us to enjoy that satisfaction many times more in this world. After evening prayers, they went into the garden. The flowers of the trees and of the parterres, perfumed the air with their delicious odours; the garden was intersected by several walks of shady elms, and in the middle of it, a transparent stream threw its crystal waters into a fountain; from this beautiful spot, was a view

of all the walks, where the monks were seen walking, two and two together. Some of them, united in the bands of friendship, gave way to the sweet emotions of this tender sentiment. They communicated to each other their most secret thoughts, and raising their eyes to heaven, spoke of their death, of the moment in which they should be separated, and of that in which they should meet again in another life. Others, whom friendship had united from their infancy, recalled the moments of their early youth, of the pleasures, the afflictions they had then experienced, of the friends they had left in the world, whether they were still living, or whether they already expected them in heaven. Others, filled with envy against their companions, or discontented with their superior, were conversing of their defects or their weaknesses. Let us leave these groveling souls, and pity those who wandered alone in the most gloomy walks of the

garden, in order to conceal the incessant sighs which burst from their bosoms, who lamented the unhappy moments of passion or melancholy, in which, disgusted with a world of woe, or charmed by the apparent tranquillity of the cloister, they had been induced to take vows, of which they were soon to repent, but alas, at a time, when repentance was become fruitless. These yielded to the melancholy which preyed upon their souls, and which they concealed from strangers, under an appearance of serenity. Death was the only blessing they had now to hope, and they ardently requested it of God, by their tears and by their sighs. The fatal intoxication which had seized on these unfortunate men, and driven them to seek an ineffectual refuge in the cloister, now took full possession of the raptured soul of young Sigevart. He accompanied his father, and the good Anthony, through a long walk that led to the grove of fir-trees, by which the garden was bounded.

The two friends held each other by the hand, and indulged themselves in those delicious sensations which the silence of a fine spring evening is calculated to inspire. Sigevart walked by their side and listened attentively. They at length reached the grove, and seated themselves in a cool grotto, situated in the most retired part of it, near which a small stream rolled its limpid waters. For these last forty years, said father Anthony, I have been accustomed to come and sit here all the fine evenings in spring and summer. I reflect upon my duties, and upon Divine Providence. Often too, my dear Sigevart, I think of you, and of the days we passed together in the world. How calm has my soul become since that time! You know, my dear friend, how much I have suffered from the villainy of mankind, and my own passions. Long struggles must be undergone, particularly by a feeling heart, before it can entirely purify itself from this

corruption. I am almost inclined to believe, that the solitude of the cloister, if not the only, is at least, by far the best means of attaining to this state of perfection. Not that all men ought to go into a monastery, but those who can do it, and fulfil the duties of that station, are labouring for their own happiness. Pardon my interrupting you, said the elder Sigevart, but do they labour also for the happiness of mankind, for the happiness of their brethren?....for all men are brethren. You are right, replied Anthony; I have often made the same reflection, and at first it disquieted me greatly. But surely a man, said I to myself, whose sentiments and actions are such as mine, cannot be said to neglect his duty. All my days pass in the same manner. I rise early both summer and winter; I constantly attend mass at the usual hours; after morning prayers, I walk in the garden, where I read the Bible, St. Chrysostom, or some other good book from our library.

At dinner I eat sparingly, and afterwards go to the garden, where I amuse myself with cultivating a few plants, or in conversation with the gardener of the convent, from whom I obtain much useful information, which I afterwards communicate to the peasants when I happen to be in their company. After supper, I converse with some companion upon serious subjects, and afterwards, if the weather be fine, retire to this grotto, to reflect upon myself, and run over what I have done in the day. Do you often go out to ask alms, or to say masses, asked Sigevart? My great age, replied Anthony, exempts me from this duty; but as it is one of the greatest pleasures of my life, I often take the place of one of our younger brethren, and never fail, at least once a fortnight, to go to the next village. Though I never employ any flattery to get alms from the peasants, nor prescribe what they ought to give me, yet I always bring back as much or more to the con-

vent than any of the other fathers. The poor people of the village say, that I repay them a thousand ways for what they thus bestow upon me, and shew me so many instances of kindness and affection, that I often return with a heart overflowing with tenderness and joy. My dear Sigevart, continued the old man, you perhaps will accuse me of vanity, for talking in this manner, but God is my witness, that I have no such motive; I have so much pleasure in doing good, and this pleasure is frequently so much embittered by weaknesses, of which I am still very sensible....Oh, my dear friend, it was a long time before I could learn to be so useful to the peasants. I know very well, father Anthony, returned Sigevart, that you are far from being actuated by vanity; you have the reputation of being more beloved through all the country round, than any of the monks of your convent, and all the peasants of our village, look upon you as their father. If all were like you....

At this moment two monks passed by the grotto, and saluted father Anthony, whom they knew by his voice. These, said he, are worthy and respectable monks who soften a little the grief which I've suffered by the death of my friend father Joseph. You are not acquainted with the circumstances of his death, my dear Sigevart, you come so seldom to see us ! Before he died, which is nearly three months ago, he desired me to remember him to you. Oh ! had you seen the sublime tranquility, the resignation of his last moments ! But the life he led here, made him worthy of such an end. I have been acquainted in this convent with many monks, of distinguished piety, and innocence of manners, but never with one, who was equal to father Joseph. You have been acquainted with him, my dear Sigevart. It would affect me too much to relate all the circumstances of his life and death, which are still present to my mind. An hundred times has he sat by my

side in this grotto, laying open to me his whole soul, and speaking with the holy joy of one of the elect. Often, when I sit here alone in the silent darkness, his well-known voice seems to strike upon my ear. I rise with precipitation, yet scarcely have courage to retire from the place. Oh, my God! I have been obliged to part with him. But soon, very soon, we shall meet again to be united for ever. Yes, my friend; to die happy, we must die, we must live, like the good Joseph. From the moment that he entered the cloister, he dedicated himself, without reserve, to piety and virtue. He has told me a thousand times, that he owed all his happiness to the profession he had embraced.—But, my dear Sigevart, I always thought that it was your intention to consecrate one of your children to the Lord. If you would send Xavier to us——would you not be very glad, my dear Xavier, to live among us, and willingly forsake the world, in order to serve God in peace, in a calm and holy retreat?

The images presented by so fine an evening, together with the seducing description which father Anthony had just given of the monastic life, had raised the passions of the young Sigevart to the highest pitch. His heart throbbed at the question, and he eagerly answered, yes.—Well, Sigevart, Xavier consents; he is willing to live with us; can you forbear complying with his wishes? I know not, replied the old man. This idea has struck me several times during the evening: but Xavier is not calculated for the cloister, he is too impetuous and too gay; besides, he has never shewn any inclination for the monastic life. He has indeed just consented to embrace it; but he answered, without reflecting on what he was saying. Are you sure, Xavier, that you should like to live here with father Anthony? Oh yes, answered the young Sigevart, with vivacity, I never knew till now the happiness of living in a cloister. Well, well, we shall see, returned his father; there is

time enough yet to think about it. In the mean time, the moon rising behind them, began to illuminate the lofty tops of the firs. They arose, and returned along the walk to the fountain in the middle of the garden. The silence of the night was agreeably interrupted by the 'sound of the waters, as they fell back into the crystal bason, whose bottom reflected the brilliant canopy of heaven. The monks, assembling by degrees from the different parts of the garden, formed a circle round father Anthony and the two Sigevarts. The pale light of the moon, appeared to encrease the venerable holy air, by which they were distinguished. Well, my young friend, said one of them to young Sigevart, how do you like this place? He likes it extremely well, answered father Anthony, he will soon take the vows among us. He is in the right, cried all the monks at once. Persist in your resolution, my friend, said an old monk, who stood near him, you will not repent of it: we will

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do every thing in our power to contribute to your happiness. It is not absolutely decided, interrupted the elder Sigevart: father Anthony is only in jest. Why not, my dear bailiff, cried father Gregory, would it not give you the greatest pleasure to see your son dedicate himself to the service of religion? You must engage him to follow this profession; a good monk brings down blessings upon all his family. The monks separated, all wishing young Sigevart a good night. The two guests were led to the outer part of the convent, where beds had been prepared for them. The father of Sigevart forbore to speak to his son of what had passed. He knew his lively and ardent temper, and thought that the images which the events of the evening had produced, would vanish with the shades of night. But the young Sigevart, who slept in another chamber, was unable to close his eyes. The happiness of the cloister, the attractive holiness of the

monks, occupied his thoughts until midnight. He formed a thousand projects; his heated imagination, painted, in the most seducing colours, the happy days he should spend in this sacred retreat. He regarded a convent as an earthly paradise, and his heart burned with eagerness to become an inhabitant of this chimerical elysium. At length he fell asleep. In his dreams, he beheld angels descending from heaven, who led him to the altar, before which he was to utter his vows. His mother, in the midst of a company of the blessed, made a sign to him to follow her. He heard the sound of celestial music, and the violent emotions of his soul awakened him. The rising sun began to illuminate the horizon. Sigevart was unable to remain any longer in bed; he went to the window, whence he beheld the convent and a part of the garden. The larks rising amidst the clouds, and the nightingales, concealed among the elm trees in the garden, saluted

the rising morn, and celebrated, in their rapturous strains, the revival of the charms of nature. Sigevart perceived some monks walking backwards and forwards in the garden, with a little cross in their hands. This sight animated his devotion, which had never been so ardent. O God, said he with a sigh, and his eyes overflowing with tears, let me one day resemble those holy men. While his thoughts were in this train, his father entered the room. He turned aside in order to conceal his tears.—What, my friend, already up, and so melancholy! I really believe you have been crying: what is the matter with you, my dear Xavier?—Nothing. I was looking at the grotto, where we sat yesterday evening, and thinking about father Joseph. He was then a very good man.—He was indeed, my dear boy, and I am glad that you take a pleasure in thinking of him. How have you passed the night? You have slept well of course?—Not very well fa-

ther: a thousand confused ideas have crossed my mind, and I have had the most singular dream!—What dream?—I dreamt about the convent, and such things.—I imagined so, and it is for this very reason that I come now to have some serious conversation with you. Father Anthony has long been persuading me to place you in some convent; knowing your lively disposition, I have not chosen to follow his advice; and for this reason, have never brought you to this place; but you have continued to teize me so much about it, that I have at length consented to your accompanying me. Yesterday evening, you were uncommonly agitated; your mind seemed to undergo an extraordinary change, and you told father Anthony that you had an inclination for the convent. He laid hold of your words, and repeated them to the other monks. It is always a great satisfaction to them to acquire a new companion. To day, they will continue to load you with caresses; and on this account,

I wished to talk with you before you entered the convent. But tell me your dream.—It was in the church. All the monks were standing round me; I was going up to the altar, and thought I saw angels descending from heaven, and my late mother in the midst of the blessed, making signs to me to approach. Upon this, I awoke, and found it impossible for me to go to sleep again. This is singular, said the father. (He had dreamt of his wife nearly in the same manner; because the circumstances of her death had been called to his mind by those which Anthony had related concerning the death of father Joseph.) Do you really wish, Xavier, to be placed in the convent? Oh yes, exceedingly father, if you will permit me. Well, I do not wish to persuade you to it; but, on the other hand, I would not thwart you in your choice. I have always wished that one of my children would be an ecclesiastic. Your brothers are now out of the question. Charles has chosen his

profession, and William is too old to enter upon a course of study; but I have always been in doubt about you. Sometimes I am for the monastic life, and sometimes against it; there are so few people qualified for that station. I have been charmed by the conversation of father Anthony: he is a most excellent man, and my old friend; if you could one day resemble him, you would be the greatest blessing of my life. But, Xavier, I have always thought that a uniform mode of life would not at all suit you. You, indeed, love solitude; but you frequently take delight in the society of your brothers and play-fellows. I know very well, that at present, you think your resolution quite fixed; but do not deceive yourself; reflect well upon what you are going to do; when you are once fixed it will be too late to repent. Do not imagine, that the convent will always appear as it did yesterday. Novelty is ever fascinating. The monks too always affect to appear cheerful

and contented in the presence of strangers. One would say, that they lived together like a society of angels; but I have frequently discovered, from the conversation of father Anthony, that there are bad dispositions among them, which greatly interrupt the general tranquillity. In short, I do not know whether I ought to advise you to follow your present inclination or not. Yet, when I think of your dream....for I will confess to you, that I have dreamt nearly the same thing as you.—The same thing as I! Oh! my dear father, these two dreams are not the effect of chance. I feel myself happier here than any where else. Let me beg you to leave me here.—Leave you here, in this convent? Do you not recollect, that the capuchins do not charge themselves with the education of youth? But I will tell you, what I would advise you to do. You can remain here a few days, in which you may get better acquainted with the convent, and the mode of life which

is followed in it. Examine every thing attentively; you will see if the monks appear always the same; if you think you can accustom yourself to the continual practice of religious duties; to the obedience, to the severity of monastic discipline; to the frugal and sometimes coarse meals of the monks, and to a tranquil and uniform life, secluded entirely from the world: you will see if you have sufficient resolution to renounce for ever all worldly pleasures, and to dedicate yourself entirely to the service of God. Father Anthony will give you full instructions, and you may place implicit confidence in him. In four or five days I will come to hear your opinion. It is time that you should chuse your profession. I am now old: who knows how long I have yet to live? I should be happy to see you settled before my death. I intended to send you to my brother to learn the art of hunting; but he is lately dead. In short, I leave you

at full liberty to make your own choice; and in acting thus I shall have nothing to reproach myself with.—Oh my dear father, you are too good: leave me here; I hope I shall always be happy here; I never till now had so high an idea of the monastic life.—Some one came to inform them that they were expected in the refectory. Some monks of Sigevart's acquaintance, whom the father Superior had chosen to keep him company, were assembled there after morning prayers. They were talking of the young Sigevart, and the pleasure it would give them to see him among them: and as they knew that father Anthony had great influence with the bailiff, they prevailed on him to persuade him to place his son in their convent. At this juncture the father and son came into the refectory. The monks went up to the former with open arms and embraced him one after another. They also kindly pressed the hand of the son, and filled his

heart with joy by calling him their young brother. To morrow, said they, is the chief festival of the convent; you must come and see how we celebrate it. Yes reverend fathers, cried the young man with enthusiasm, my father has given me leave to remain here.—Softly my dear; we must first obtain the permission of the reverend fathers. Most willingly Mr. Bailiff, said the father Superior: indeed you must give us your son. He has an evident call to the monastic life. We observed it yesterday, and have had much conversation about it this morning. You will have reason to be satisfied with him, and he will be an honour to the order: leave him with us as long as you please; we will take good care of him. I am convinced of it, answered his father, and if you will permit it, I will leave him here a few days. You will permit me to send you to day a little corn and wine, as a mark of my gratitude for your kindness to my son. To day, in-

interrupted the father Superior, you dine
 with us; and we will shew you a little
 of the convent. Upon this he made
 a sign to father Gregory and father
 Anthony, who led the two Sigevarts
 to the library. It was composed
 chiefly of books of controversial
 divinity and sermons. Though po-
 verty seemed to predominate in all
 parts of the convent yet this very
 poverty had in it something inte-
 resting. The voluntary renuncia-
 tion of all the pleasures and comforts
 of life; the mild satisfaction which
 shone in the countenances of the
 monks; the awful, and sacred silence
 which hung over the tombs in the
 cloister; the universal simplicity
 of manners; the neatness and re-
 gularity which diffused a charm over
 the general poverty; nothing of all
 this escaped the attention of young
 Sigevart: every thing made a deep
 impression on his feeling heart, for
 which this simplicity had a particular
 charm. They went next to the church;
 it was full of relics, of images, and

votive offerings. The notice of young Sigevart was particularly attracted by the statue of a saint, who was represented standing, in the habit of a capuchin, with a breast-plate on, and a plume of feathers on his head. In his right hand he held a standard and in his left a truncheon. That, said father Gregory, is the great saint Anthony of Padua, as he appeared one day to a Spanish army in a battle against the moors. He was at the head of an immense army of saints of our order, and with this heavenly band, he assisted them in defeating the infidels. The walls of the church were covered with fine paintings representing saints and capuchins who had suffered martyrdom. One of them drew tears from the eyes of young Sigevart. It was the crucifixion of a number of capuchins. The paleness of death was on their countenances; yet the rays of internal joy shone upon their features; and they raised to heaven with difficulty, their expiring

eyes. Above them upon shadowy clouds, were angels who presented them with crowns of palm. On the other side were monks, who were going to be beheaded. The yet reeking bodies of their companions who had suffered martyrdom were placed beneath their eyes; a venerable old man upon his knees, with a crucifix in his hand, submitted his snow white head, to the executioner whose arm was already raised to strike. On the foreground were capuchins who were going to a prison, through the grated windows of which, were seen many others who appeared to sigh after martyrdom. They are our brethren, said father Anthony, who have been sent on missions, and acquired the crown of martyrdom, by enduring tortures of every kind. We shall meet them again in heaven, if we support poverty as they did and if necessary the most cruel persecution. As he said this he cast upon young Sigevart a look that penetrated him to the soul. They

were afterwards shewn a small room full of crutches and sticks heaped one upon another: these, said the monk, are the proofs of the miracles wrought here by the grace of God, the power of our miraculous image of the blessed virgin and the assistance of our prayers. The lame and the maimed come here upon their crutches and return home cured, and restored to the use of their limbs; leaving their crutches behind them as tokens of the favour that God has shewn them in this place. Sigevart contemplated these crutches with a religious reverence, and still more the monks, to whom his pious simplicity attributed the power to perform those miracles. The die was cast: Sigevart was resolved to be a monk, and wished that the time were already come. He was plunged into an intoxication which absorbed all his faculties; he saw only the convent, and nothing except what related to it, made any impression upon his soul. All the rest of the universe in his

yes was a frightful desert inhabited only by madmen. In this moment of enthusiasm, he would have regarded as an enemy, any one who attempted to draw him from his fancied elysium. Such is the facility with which persons of sensibility are led to form resolutions, that decide upon the happiness or misery of their whole lives. The hour of dinner approached; and the father superior, to please his two guests, dined with some monks, under an arbour in the garden. The fathers renewed particular attention to young Sigevart in order to encrease his inclination for the convent. They behaved to each other with the kindest affection, drew the most flattering picture of their mode of living; spoke with contempt of the world and its pleasures, and called the day in which they had taken their vows the happiest of their lives. They made the father of Sigevart promise, that if his son persisted in his resolution, he would not place

him in any other convent. He may go, said they, to the city, for a few years to study under the Piarists, to whom we will recommend him, and after that he may come to us, or if he prefer it, go to some university. Towards evening, the elder Sigevart, after having again recommended his son to the monks, took the road to his own house. Father Gregory, Anthony, and his son accompanied him to the little grove, where he took a tender farewell. As the old man went along, he was alternately agitated by melancholy, uneasiness and joy. He wished his son to embrace the monastic life, and thought he should do a meritorious action by putting him into a convent; yet he could not help feeling an internal conviction, that his son was unfit for the cloister, and that his sudden resolution was only an illusion, which would be speedily dissipated. But when a mind is divided between reason and superstition, the latter always obtains the

victory, by means of the terrors which it is able to inspire. The connection between his own dream and his son's, which he regarded as a divine warning; his frequent conversations with father Anthony; the entreaties of the monks which he could not resist, and above all the inclination of his son, whom he did not think proper to thwart in his choice, all contributed to encourage and confirm him in the resolution to consent to the sacrifice of young Sigevart. Under the guidance of father Anthony, said he, he will one day become a respectable man and what can I desire more? Another motive for this resolution was, that he should by this means be better enabled to provide for his other children. When he got home to his family he related to them what had passed. The eldest son, who thought only of his interest, yet affected to conceal his avarice under the mask of devotion, highly commended his brother's choice. The-

resa, the eldest daughter, was the only one who was dissatisfied; she sighed in secret over her brother's fate, carefully concealing however the uneasiness that oppressed her. In the mean time the young Sigevart, accompanied by the two monks, returned slowly to the convent. They vied with each other in flattering him, and ceased not to praise his resolution. He passed the evening very agreeably. One of the monks read in the bible and afterwards in the Martyrology of the Order. Sigevart listened with tears in his eyes he followed the martyrs in all the circumstances of their sufferings. The picture he had seen in the church was before his eyes, and made a still deeper impression upon him. Before he retired to rest, father Anthony took him into the chamber of an old monk whom age rather than sickness was conducting gently to his end. He might be compared to a rose, which after having long been in bloom loses at the close of a fine day, its leaves

one after another. He breathed softly, and said only a few words. By his side were his breviary, his rosary and a crucifix. Over the chimney were phials of medicine, and an earthen jar, containing some flowers, which already began to wither. A kind of sepulchral lamp in the corner of the chamber shed its pale light over the surrounding objects. Father Anthony and the monk who watched by the sick man's bed, spoke only in whispers. No one dared to make the least noise. This profound and affecting silence, recalled to the mind of Sigevart the last moments of his mother's life; he beheld her upon her death bed; and she again appeared to him in a dream which made a still deeper impression upon him than that of the preceding night. Father Anthony, who observed the melancholy which affected Sigevart, led him gently to the door, which he opened, and then whispered to him, The good father will not last long; come to morrow morning

early to my cell, perhaps he will be already in heaven. Sigevart awoke early. His first thought was of the sick monk. The rising sun was obscured by a thick fog. Part of the sky was red as blood, and its reflection gave a faint tinge to the white wall of Sigevart's chamber. He rises with precipitation and flies to the cell. He knocks twice without receiving any answer, and perceiving that the persons within were talking aloud he opens the door himself. Father Anthony was supporting in his arms the head of the dying man. He made a sign to Sigevart with his eyes, which were overflowed with tears. The other monk was reading out. The sick man collected all his strength in order to pray aloud; the last words he pronounced were, Oh my God, have mercy upon me! Having said this, he turned upon his side and expired without a groan. God be praised, exclaimed father Anthony, there is another who has finished his course. He layed the

head of the dead man gently on the pillow, and closed his eyelids. O happy father Martin! May God grant me a death like thine! The other monk went out to inform the Superior. Father Anthony laid a quilt upon the body, and then retired to the window, where he remained some time in silence. In the mean time Sigevart, his heart oppressed with melancholy, walked alone under the trees in the garden. The image of the dying monk was continually before his eyes. He followed him in idea to the abode of the blessed, and saw the joy of the righteous, who received his victorious soul, and crowned him with palms. He threw himself upon the grass, covered his face with his hands, and remained in this posture for several hours, absorbed in a species of enthusiasm. The monks fixed the burial of their companion for the second day after. They then proceeded to the church which was strewed with flowers, and ornamented with green boughs.

Thick clouds of incense surrounded the officiating priest and his attendants. A solemn service, chaunted in unison by the whole choir, reverberated with deep and majestic echo through the long aisles. A thousand confused emotions, filled the heart of Sigevart. The face of the priest seemed as if surrounded with a glory. He fancied himself already a member of the order, and regarded this world as a tomb from which his soul had escaped victorious. The Superior celebrated high mass. The monks were in the choir upon their knees, with their faces turned toward the altar. After divine service Sigevart accompanied father Anthony to the cell of the dead man. The body was already laid upon a mean bier, round which several tapers were burning. Some monks stood praying round the coffin. After a short conversation upon the virtues of the deceased, which kindled the most ardent zeal in the soul of Sigevart, they heard the bell ring for dinner.

A religious silence prevailed during the whole of the repast. The eyes of all were cast down and moistened with tears. The monks from time to time addressed themselves to Sigevart, who wept to see their regret for the loss of their companion, and the affection they entertained for him. He felt himself more and more attached to persons capable of such affection, and ardently desired to become worthy of their friendship. The monks already treated him as one of their society, and this species of confidence completely won his heart. He passed great part of the afternoon, in the cell of father Anthony. There was present also another monk, who related to him many wonderful stories of the persons of the order: he particularly recommended him to read the life of St. Francis and promised to lend him the book. During half the night Sigevart saw in his dreams the monk at whose death he had been present; and fancied that he could hear an-

gels whispering to him, "Sigevert
"you must imitate this holy man."
Early in the morning, father Ignatius came into his room with the life of St. Francis and those of many other saints, which he several times recommended him to read, praising them in the most extravagant terms. Scarcely had the young man began to peruse them when his ardent imagination transported him to another world. He conversed with St. Francis, he traversed the world with him; like him had extacies and lost himself in a crowd of spiritual sensations. Father Anthony surprised him in this state of rapturous delirium. He proposed to him to accompany him to some neighbouring villages; whither he was going to beg alms instead of a father who had been taken ill. Sigevert accepted the proposal with joy. He closed his books, took one in his pocket, and followed father Anthony to the refectory. There he related to father Ignatius, the exquisite pleasure he had received from

the books he had lent him, and talked to the monks about the miracles of St. Francis. All commended his regard for their holy founder, and predicted him a happy and holy life. At length he set off with father Anthony to a village which was about a league and an half from the convent. As they went along, the country people who were working in the fields perceiving father Anthony, flocked together from all quarters to ask his benediction. Some ran to meet him, and saluted him with the sincerest reverence. Some entreated him to enter their cottages, and ran before, to offer him all that they possessed. They also saluted young Sigevart, with whom they were acquainted as living in their neighbourhood and seemed much pleased with the great affection which father Anthony seemed to have for him. As they went along they reached a cottage, in which they heard some persons violently disputing. Anthony entered and found upon

enquiry that the peasant who lived in it had been beating his wife for giving alms to a poor soldier, who being a Lutheran was in *his* eyes little better than a dog. The good Father however speedily convinced him, that, though a Lutheran might not think so justly as a Catholic, he was nevertheless a fellow creature and a christian; that he was inexcusable for beating his wife for any thing, and particularly for having more liberal sentiments than himself. The mildness of his reproofs, and the simplicity of his language, which went home to the heart, produced an immediate change in the mind of the peasant. He begged pardon of God for having been so hard to the Lutherans, and in the most affectionate manner entreated his wife to forgive him for having used her so unkindly. The wife cried so violently that she could scarcely speak. She sobbed bitterly and threw her arms round her husband's neck. What a mo-

ment. It was a sight worthy the attention of saints and angels. Father Anthony approached a window, and wiped away his tears. Sigevart endeavoured to conceal his emotion, by covering his face with his handkerchief. This scene made a deep impression on him, which was never after effaced. He had always been grieved when he saw Lutherans and Jews treated with more cruelty than irrational animals; and he felt still more affection for father Anthony when he discovered that he entertained opinions conformable to those he had always entertained himself, without ever daring to declare them. Joy reigned in the cottage of the peasants. They brought all they had and offered it to father Anthony, as a testimony of their gratitude. But he refused their presents: his heart had already received its reward. Let me go, my good friends, said he, I must call on farmer William, who has desired me to stop at his house when I came next time to the village; be-

cause he has something of consequence to tell me. I know not what it may be. I wished to have gone to the village hard by ; but it is too late, it will do another time. Farewell Michael, remember what you have promised me, and you Nannette, persist in your laudable sentiments, and you will both be happy. From this time they lived together in the happiest manner possible. Michael treated his wife with a truly conjugal affection, and behaved humanely to the Lutherans. Nannette commenced a new existence ; she lived happy, and contented ; and every day in her prayers blessed the good father Anthony, who from that time never went to the village without calling to enquire after their welfare. The monk and Sigevart had reached the farm yard, and were going to cross the garden towards the house, when they perceived the farmer's son, who was employed in mending the hedge. The young man pulled off his hat, and looked a long while after father

Anthony with an air of extraordinary melancholy. Sigevart observed it, and pitied him. When they reached the house, they found the farmer just going into the fields. As soon as he saw father Anthony, he hung up against the wall a rake which he had in his hand, pulled off his hat and exclaimed, Most heartily welcome reverend father! I have been expecting to see you a long time; I wish to consult you upon an affair of consequence. So you have brought Mr. Bailiff's son with you. Good day to you, young gentleman! Whence did he accompany you? My good father? From the convent. He is with us, and designs to be a monk. He is in the right. Mr. Bailiff has several children, and must think about settling them. Be so good as to go into our room. Here every thing is at sixes and sevens. Go in, and I will be with you in a minute. Upon this he went out, ordered white bread with wine and beer to be brought, and returned

himself with a plate of cold meat. Come reverend father, sit down, said he, and you too, young gentleman, take something to refresh you after your walk. They seated themselves by the table and William thus began his discourse. WILLIAM. The affair I have to communicate to you, reverend father, and which has made me desirous to converse with you, is a circumstance of a very distressing nature, which has already occasioned me much uneasiness. I have a good-for-nothing son, and unfortunately he is my only one. Most likely you saw him down in the garden. He drives me quite mad by pretending to be wiser than myself or his mother, who, to say the truth, is kinder to him than he deserves. Conceive, father, that for more than a year he has, quite unknown to us, been in love with a young woman of the village; a girl who has absolutely nothing; in short the daughter of George Silber; when I have been contriving too so much better a

match for him! About three weeks ago, I discovered accidentally that he kept her company, and that every evening, while we were a bed, they walked out together by moonlight, or sat down upon the stile near the church yard. One morning I called him up into my room, that the servants might not hear what passed, and gave him, in the presence of his mother, a good lecture upon his bad conduct. How said I, you will inherit from me a good farm well stocked; I can leave you so many fine fields, so many meadows, so many cows and cattle of every kind, and a good sum of ready money into the bargain; and you go without saying any thing to me or your mother, and fall in love with a girl, who has nothing in the world except seven hundred florins and a pretty face; and this is our reward for the care we have taken of you, and the trouble we are at to lay by something for your sake? Then I began to rate him still more severely, and con-

cluded by ordering him not to think of speaking to this girl, or having any more meetings with her. I told him that if he did not mend his conduct he would cause his poor mother and me to die with grief; but that we would first drive him from the house and the farm, that we would disinherit him, and instead of blessing him at our death, would lay upon him our eternal malediction. Upon this he begins to cry, and says it is impossible for him to forsake the girl; that he will live and die with her; that there is not a soul in the village who can in any wise reproach her; that she has always behaved virtuously; that on Easter eve he promised in the name of the Virgin Mary, and all the saints in Paradise, to make her his wife, and that the next day he took the holy sacrament upon it; that thus she is now his and that it cannot be altered. Zounds! I was in such a passion, I knew not what to say. His mother began to cry; but I pushed her out of the

room, and told him once more that he now knew my sentiments, and might determine how to act, and that if I heard any more of such goings on, I would cast him entirely off, and never look upon him again. He answered, very well; and went away full of grief. For some days he appeared melancholy; he was pale and yellow; he neither eat, nor drank, nor spake; and would scarcely return an answer to any questions that were put to him. The servants told me that in the evening he was continually at the window, that he scratched upon the wall with his nails; kept talking to himself, or whistling, and wiped his eyes as if he had been crying. Very well, said I to myself, young people always act thus when things do not go according to their liking. In truth, he has some reason to be vexed. I have nothing to say against his mistress: she is really a very good girl; but then she is not rich. Time is the best physician; it will go off by degrees: he will soon have done

crying when I talk to him about Susan the innkeeper's daughter ; for between you and me she is the person I intend for him. I grew calm, and treated him gently, for I observed that he grew thin owing to his not sleeping o' nights. After some time had elapsed he recovered his spirits, did his work, and no longer stood looking out of his window in the evening. But about a week ago I found he was playing off a new scheme upon me. One evening about half past nine, while I was in bed, I heard the horses quarrelling in the stable, and as the servant man was in the country, I called to my son, Sixtus! Sixtus! The devil a bit could I make him hear. I went myself to the stable, tied up my grey mare, which had got loose, and then proceeded to my son's room. The bird was flown. I asked my wife if she knew the meaning of all this? She said no; begged me to be easy; that he would come back soon, and that perhaps he was gone to the alehouse with the other young men

of the village. I was however convinced there was some mystery in the business. I put on my jacket, and went strait to the alehouse. It was already shut up. He is gone to see his mistress, thought I. As this notion struck me, I perceived something white at a distance, near the Bailiff's house, and, on going up to it, found it was my precious gentleman arm in arm with his mistress. I was in such a passion!—the girl ran away, and Sixtus came up to me as if nothing had been the matter. This is the way you obey your father, said I to him. So you thought I was asleep, and be hanged to you, and slipped out of the house, did you? Unworthy boy! did not I forbid your keeping company any longer with this girl? And is this the way you behave? Come along, come along—I'll pay you as you deserve. He still wanted to excuse himself, saying that it was impossible for him to forsake his dear Maryanne; that he had tried to do it, but that he was always thinking of his

oath, and that he had no rest either night or day ; that his mistress was almost dead with grief ; that she was become quite thin, and had sent him word that she should soon be carried to her grave : that then he fancied he heard the bell toll for her death, and for her funeral, and could no longer refrain from going to see her.—Cursed knave, said I, come along ; to-morrow you shall have to do with me ; I do not chuse to disturb the neighbours for such a good-for-nothing fellow as you. I walked on loading him with reproaches ; he followed me without speaking, only from time to time he sobbed as if his heart would break. I could not sleep the whole night. My wife wanted to take his part, and I saw clearly that there was an understanding between them, which made me still more angry. Next morning I sent for him. I said all I could to persuade him to think no more of this girl. No, said I at length, I will never consent to this marriage ; and if you do not think fit to obey me, you

may go about your business wherever you think proper. Very well, said he, I will go: you may do what you please, but I will never abandon Maryanne. There is not in the whole village a young woman so industrious, so steady, so good as she: her greatest enemies cannot say the contrary. What have you to reproach her with? that she is not so rich as I am? well, she has enough. But she is not so very poor. Besides, she has such a good character, and she loves me with all her heart: she would prefer the greatest sufferings rather than part with me, and such an affection is surely better than money. We have both health and strength, and have been accustomed to work from our childhood; and then the good God does not permit a single bird to perish with famine, and will he forsake people who live an honest life. In short, father, as I have told you before, I cannot, no, I cannot leave her. I have promised, I have sworn to marry her, and if you will not consent to it,

I will go for a soldier. I shall hope to have her some time or other, and have nothing to reproach myself with. You may now do what you please.— Having said this, he went out. I remained like a man struck with a thunderbolt. My heart was oppressed by what he had said about going for a soldier. I have no child but him; and I love him because he is very good in all other respects, and this is the only uneasiness he has ever caused me. Suppose he should go for a soldier, and get shot through the head;— it is far from unlikely, for he is brave. Since that time he has spoken two or three times to a recruiting party; so that altogether I am very uneasy. My wife is continually at my ears, telling me that I am too severe, and that if the boy dies I shall never forgive myself. At last I said I will consult father Anthony. He will perhaps be able to bring Sixtus back to his duty. I have the greatest confidence in you, my good father; our new curate has been so short a time in the village,

that I do not know enough of him, to consult him on affairs of such importance. Now then, reverend father, I would wish to hear your opinion on this subject, and whether you will not strive to convince my son of his error.—FATHER ANTHONY. To tell you the truth, William, your conduct surprises me. You are rich, and you have but one son, whom you say you love. You should therefore endeavour to make him happy; which you clearly perceive he never can be, unless he marry Maryanne. His attachment to her must be very strong, since he would consent to leave your house and to lose the farm, rather than forsake her. I know indeed that young people frequently form attachments without knowing why, and would afterwards be very glad if it were in their power to separate; but the affection of your son is of a more solid nature, since he has kept company with the young woman for more than a year, and still retains the same regard for her. He is of

a good disposition, and his mistress also, as you yourself confess. Believe me, William, these things are not to be trifled with. I have been witness in the course of my life to many misfortunes occasioned by thwarted love. You must own that there is a considerable mixture of obstinacy and avarice in your conduct. These are two great vices. Woe be to those who place all their confidence in worldly wealth! You have enough, and more than enough, were you to live an hundred years. Maryanne has six or seven hundred florins. If these young people should marry, and be willing to work, they will never be in want. They will live together in harmony, and reflect all their lives that they are indebted to you for their happiness. You will be much the nearer truly, when your son has married a rich woman whom he cannot love. Hell itself is to be preferred to such a marriage. One pulls one way, the other another: from words they come to blows, and

life is spent in misery and despair. Choose which you will; make your son happy or miserable. Without reciprocal affection no marriage can prosper. I will speak to your son William, but I cannot promise to have much influence with him. Will you send for him in. But observe, if I cannot persuade him, you must consent to his happiness; otherwise I give up the affair entirely. I would not upon any account whatever be concerned in a business which was to make any one unhappy.—WILLIAM. Well, be it so. I always say, what pleases father Anthony pleases me. Nanny, tell Sixtus that father Anthony wants to speak to him. You know so well how to work upon the passions, my good father, I already begin to think differently; nay I feel half convinced that I have been wrong. Here he is. Sixtus, the reverend father wishes to ask you some questions. Approach and fear nothing.—FATHER ANTHONY. So, Sixtus, I hear you are in love with a young woman in

the village.—SIXTUS. Yes, reverend father.—FATHER ANTHONY. And you will not leave her.—SIXTUS. I cannot, reverend father. (Here the tears began to run down his cheeks.) FATHER ANTHONY. Why so, since you know your father does not approve of the connection?—SIXTUS. Ah! reverend father, that is very easily said; but what cannot be, cannot be. I have cried about it more than an hundred times; all sorts of notions have come into my head; but the moment I think of her; the moment I recollect that I have given her my oath, that she is so good, so steady, has so much respect for God, so much affection for me; then it seems as if I were bound to her by an hundred chains, and that I ought never to forsake her either in this world or in the world to come.....No, it is not possible! I swear to you by all the saints in Paradise, that I do not act thus through obstinacy. My father knows that I always obey him in every thing else. But to deprive me of

Maryanne is to kill me at once. There is no one who can say he has any thing to reproach her with, or that we have ever done any harm together. Ah! reverend father, if you knew how handsome she is, how lively, how diligent, how ready always to work! Her parents too are good people who have taught her to love labour, and to fear God. Since her mother has been ill, she has had the whole care of the house; she does not leave off working a moment, even when I am by. Every body loves her. She has refused more than ten farmers richer than I am, who have asked her in marriage; and that because she loves only me. And should I have the heart to abandon her? No, I never will, I never *can* do it. A man who deceives a woman cannot come to a good end. As Sixtus said this he wiped away his tears.—FATHER ANTHONY. Well William, what have you to say to this?—WILLIAM. Nothing, except that the rogue is in the right.—SIXTUS. In-

deed, father, I am very sorry to have given you so much uneasiness. The thoughts of it always tormented me. God knows how I have cried whole nights together. More than an hundred times I have wished for death. And my mother too.....WILLIAM. Sixtus give me your hand, and let us make it up. Marry her, since you will have it so. It is in vain to oppose the river's current. I meant, do you see, to have given you the innkeeper's daughter. It was a good match that. But let us speak no more of it.—Marry, I consent. I never could have thought though, that the reverend father could have brought me to it. Hola! wife! she is down in the kitchen there. Come, reverend father, let us drink. Why Sixtus, what do you stand staring there for like a simpleton? Come, come, drink my boy; drink the health of Maryanne. And you too, young gentleman! what's the matter with you? one would think you were going to cry: have I not done right in

granting my son's request?—SIGE-
VART. Perfectly right, my good
friend. I am very happy the affair
has taken this turn. Your health
William; your's Sixtus, and the fair
Maryanne's.—SIXTUS. Many thanks
young gentleman. I scarcely know
myself again. Ah! reverend father!
my heart is so full!....I would throw
myself at your feet. I seem to be in
heaven! God reward you a thousand
times for the good you have done to
me and my poor Maryanne; for it is
not within our power to do it. And
you too, my good father, forgive me...
I thank you a thousand times. I....
WILLIAM, (*to his wife as she comes
in.*) Harkye wife, make yourself a
new cap for the wedding; our boy is
to have his Maryanne. 'Tis the re-
verend father who has brought this
about: thank him, for I know it gives
you pleasure, does it not my good
woman?—THE WIFE. Yes indeed!
God be praised a thousand times for
having inspired you with this thought.
Oh my reverend father! you have

done a good action. My poor boy would have died, and his Maryanne also. Why what ails you, Sixtus? you look melancholy....you shed tears.

SIXTUS. Oh mother, I am so happy, I cannot speak. It is too much joy at a time. I am sure the reverend father sees that I would thank him if I could; but I am too much affected. I must go out for a little while. Sixtus went out, and Sigevart looked after him through the window. William frequently emptying his glass, grew more and more chearful, and never failed to drink the health of father Anthony and young Sigevart. His satisfaction at finding his new resolution approved by the monk and by his wife, made him forget the inequality of fortune. Such was the manner in which the good father Anthony made use of the influence which religion and his station gave him among the country people. But for one good monk, who behaves in this manner, how many are there who wickedly abuse the credulity of these

simple people, making it subservient to their own passions, to their ambition, their avarice, or their revenge? The venerable father was seated in the midst of the good villagers; he was loaded with blessings by two people whom he had restored to happiness, by a mother who owed to him the life of her son, and the peace of mind of her husband. Sigevart regarded him as an angel come down from heaven: he was unable to quit him for a single instant. William began already to talk of fixing the wedding day; he was determined it should be within a month, and he made father Anthony promise to be present. At length the good monk, having received from them all sorts of things for the convent, butter, eggs, &c. and having thanked them for their kindness in the name of his brethren, took leave of them, and departed with Sigevart. Sixtus had not yet returned. When father Anthony and Sigevart had done asking alms, they returned towards the con-

vent. They were already at some distance from the village, when they saw a young man and woman appear suddenly from behind a hedge. It was Sixtus and his mistress. Oh! reverend father! exclaimed they both at the same instant. They could say no more. Here she is, said Sixtus at length....here is Maryanne, reverend father; she also wishes to thank you. Heaven bless you a thousand and a thousand times, said the young woman weeping, and pressing the old man's hand.—Ah, reverend father, continued Sixtus, if you had but seen what joy there was when I went and told her we were at liberty to marry. How she clasped her hands together, and thanked the good God! and when I told her that you were the cause of all this happiness, what a hurry was she in to come here immediately to thank you! but I said to her, we had better go to the entrance of the village; we shall be able to thank the reverend father much better when nobody sees us. So we have been

waiting for you here, and, if you will permit us, we will accompany you to the end of the wood.—I thank you my children, said the father, for the trouble you give yourselves on my account. I have had so much satisfaction in doing you service, that you are under very little obligation for it. I hope you will live together in peace and harmony like honest people and good christians. Go to your father Sixtus, and let what he has now done for you excite you to redouble your attention to him. And you, Maryanne, behave respectfully to your father and mother in law: act so that they may never repent of having given you their son: forget that they once refused you for their daughter in law: it was not on your account, for they never had any fault to find with you; but only because you were not sufficiently rich. All men have their weaknesses, and they should mutually forgive each other.—Oh yes, reverend father, with all my heart. Provided I have my dear Six-

tus, I shall live in peace with all the world. If I vexed any body I should fear to offend the good God, and dread that to punish me he would take Sixtus from me. No, no ; I will love all the world for his sake, and particularly his parents. I could never be cross towards them, even though they should be so to me. Oh, my father ! you cannot conceive what a service you have done us ! I am only a poor country girl and cannot express myself properly, but my heart is full of gratitude. Be satisfied with my good will. I will say to the good God all I think of you, and will pray to him to load you with benedictions. They accompanied father Anthony and Siegevert some time longer, expressing the sentiments of gratitude and tenderness with which they were penetrated. The inhabitants of the city are said to have more knowledge and understanding than those of the country ; yet we seldom find among them examples of a love so pure, so sincere. But innocence and sincerity

were the bonds that united these young lovers, and bonds thus formed, endure beyond the tomb, and form a union of souls which lasts to all eternity. Happy the lovers who have never known other ties ! At length Sixtus and Maryanne took leave of the monk and his young companion. When they quitted them, they were softened even to tears ; they could scarcely speak, and they remained standing in the middle of the road till they had lost sight of them. The soul of the good monk was filled with a sweet satisfaction. As they approached the convent, the mind of young Sigevart was occupied by a crowd of ideas which were till then unknown to him. He regarded as a great man, him who could do so much good to his brethren ; and seeing him return in this manner, he compared him to the sun, which sets in peace, after diffusing over the earth and through the hearts of mankind, the beams of happiness and joy. The following morning was fixed for the

burial of the deceased monk. At eight o'clock all the fathers assembled in the room where the body was placed. The coffin was carried by twelve monks, the others following with wax tapers in their hands. Siegevert also attended. The slow solemn pace of the monks as they proceeded round the convent towards the church, and the affecting notes of the *miserere* excited a religious melancholy in every breast. When they reached the church, they placed the body before the high altar, and surrounded it with lighted tapers. After chaunting some mournful prayers, the service for the dead was performed, and the coffin sprinkled with holy water. The body was then taken by the monks and carried to the grave. The monks formed a circle around it, and chaunted some more prayers. Father Gregory was motionless and fixed his eyes upon the body. Suddenly he heaved a deep sigh; and then, as if he were revived by the presence of some friendly angels, a celestial

smile was diffused over his countenance. When the funeral was over all separated. Father Anthony retired to his cell, and Sigevart to his chamber. The soul of the latter was overspread with sorrow: but it gradually disappeared as he contemplated from his window the glowing spectacle of nature. Joy and satisfaction again took possession of his heart. He drew agreeable pictures of the future, placing himself in all the possible circumstances to which his intended profession could lead: all appeared smiling and peaceful like the country which was now before his eyes. He read the life of St. Francis, and his imagination was more heated than ever. When the bell rang for dinner he went to the refectory, where the deceased was the chief subject of conversation. Every one had something to relate to his advantage; a circumstance related by the father Superior made in particular, a deep impression upon young Sigevart. Father Martin, said he, was distinguished

from his earliest youth, by his virtuous and amiable disposition. I was acquainted with him when he studied at the university of Dillingen. You know his fondness for natural philosophy, for the mathematics, and particularly for astronomy; in which he was better versed than many professors. His father, who was also a lover of these sciences, had left him a great quantity of mathematical books and instruments of considerable value. Study was his sole pleasure. He spent the whole day in reading, or making calculations, and in the evening, when the weather was favourable, took his telescope, and consumed half the night in contemplating the heavenly bodies. I remember his joy in 1744, at the appearance of the great comet. He explained, he calculated, he foretold to us when this wonderful star would return again. About forty years ago, while we were still fellow students at Dillingen, he one day received a letter from his mother who lived in Franconia. She

informed him that she had just lost all her property, through the dissipated conduct of her second son; who to add to her misfortune had gone into the army leaving her covered with debts. Father Martin was for some time melancholy and thoughtful, and shunned all kind of company; at length he set off one night and went to Augsburg. As soon as he arrived there, he repaired to the college of the Jesuits, shewed them a catalogue of his books and instruments, offered them for sale, and at last agreed to part with the whole for four hundred florins. He begged them as soon as they should receive the articles, to send the money to his mother. After the bargain was concluded, he earnestly entreated the Jesuits to allow him, during his life, the use of a telescope, and two or three books to which he was much attached; offering to give them a bond, to secure them to them after his decease. It was too late; these Jesuits were unfeeling men, and told him they should consider the agreement as void,

unless he immediately delivered to them all the articles they had purchased. Well, well, said father Martin, be it so : in four days you shall have the whole, on condition that you immediately remit the money to my poor mother. When he returned to Dillingen he appeared more cheerful. I was in his room when he packed up his things. He looked at some of his books with tears, kissed them several times, and said, adieu, you have given me much pleasure. He then wrote a letter to his mother, which I will read to you. After her death, which happened about five years ago, it was returned to him with others, and I have found it among his papers.

My dear and tender mother,

The bad conduct of my brother, and the rash step he has taken, have filled me with the sincerest affliction. All that I can do for him, is to pray God to have pity upon him, and give him grace to see his behaviour in a proper light. My poor father

frequently advised him better, but instead of hearkening to his kind admonitions, he treated them with contempt. My heart, my dear mother, is overwhelmed with grief, at the situation to which you are reduced. You will find here, all that I have: may it serve to assist you! I have sold some books and mathematical instruments which I could spare. I wish I could send you more. I can never make a sufficient return for all that you have done for me. Let me hear from you frequently. Confide in the God of the widow and of the fatherless, he will not forsake you. I live here very comfortably, and remain, with the warmest gratitude, Your ever dutiful and affectionate son

MARTIN.

I have also the mother's answer; it is nearly torn to pieces, because father Martin constantly carried it about with him, and frequently bedewed it with his tears. How shall I thank thee my dear,

my only child, the consolation and support of my old age, for this fresh proof of your affection? the tears, with which my letter is bedewed, will tell you more expressively than words, how much I love you. My hair is whitened with age and sorrow, and weeping over the faults of thy unhappy brother has dimmed my eyes. But thou, my dear child, hast revived my courage and my hopes; thy letter has given new vigour to my grief-worn frame. Blessed be thou for ever my son! my expiring sigh shall be breathed in loading thee with benedictions. When I shall rejoin thy father, when I shall see him again in heaven, oh! how will he rejoice, when I tell him what a son we have left upon earth. I forget thy brother when I think of thee. Thou hast sent me more than sufficient, for I have but a short time to remain in this world. When I reflect that thou hast robbed thyself of thy greatest pleasure to relieve me, my heart seems ready to burst.

But the tears, with which my eyes are full, obscure my writing, and I must end. May I once again press thee to my heart, to this heart, where thy image ever dwells, may I once again press thee to it, and die! Come then soon to see me before you go to the convent. Adieu! and every happiness attend thee! I remain, to the last breath, thy affectionate mother ELIZABETH DALER.

All the monks wept. Sigevart was scarcely prevented by his timidity, from asking leave to copy the two letters.—Our dear brother Martin, continued the father Superior, was never heard to speak of the pain he felt, at losing his books and instruments; but I frequently observed it. As soon as we had taken the vows in this convent, he looked over the whole library; probably to see if it contained any books on mathematics: but he found very few. In the evening, when he looked at the heavens with his unassisted

eyes, a sigh would sometimes escape him, from regret at his inability to contemplate the stars with the same pleasure as formerly. Sometimes, as he was chatting with me, he would complain that his fight was short and weak; but he immediately changed the subject, lest I should be led to mention the sale of his books and instruments. I once happened to praise this action; but he answered, half angrily, I did my duty.—An excellent man was father Martin; we cannot sufficiently regret his loss.—If Sigevart goes on as he has begun, he will perhaps one day make it up to us, said father Anthony. We all hope as much, cried the monks. The blush of modesty, overspread in an instant the countenance of the young man; and he scarcely dared to raise his eyes from the ground. The monks soon after rose from table and separated. Sigevart joyfully accepted father Anthony's proposal to take a turn with him in the garden. He

accompanied him for some time in
 pensive silence.—My dear Xavier,
 said father Anthony, at length,—
 why do you not speak to me? are
 you still thinking of father Martin?
 has his history made a deep impres-
 sion upon your heart? I am happy
 to see it. Let all these actions be
 to you an example, and an encou-
 ragement. Young persons are com-
 monly more sensible to the beauties
 of nature than people of a certain
 age; but this sensibility is transitory,
 and seldom produces in them any
 firm resolution. A man of mature
 years, on the contrary, though he
 often appears cold because his sen-
 sibility is blunted, attaches himself
 much more strongly to virtue. He
 is not satisfied with considering her
 merely on the outside, as a lover
 does his mistress, but strives to unite
 himself to her for ever; to make
 her entirely his own. Woe however
 to the man, who has not in his youth,
 been sensible to the external charms
 of virtue. Seldom does it happen

that such a man becomes ever worthy of possessing her. A monk, who at this moment passed father Anthony and Sigévar, saluted them kindly, addressing the latter by the name of brother Xavier.—Yes, my dear Sigévar, said father Anthony, this is indeed the time, when you should seriously determine upon a monastic life; for to day or to morrow, your father will probably come for you; and you must give him some decisive answer.—Are you happy here, do you think you can live all your life like a good monk; that is to say, like a man who has renounced all worldly concerns; who has taken the vows of chastity, of poverty, and obedience; as a man who is unknown to the world, or known only to be despised; do you think you can live thus, without losing the internal peace and tranquillity of your mind?—Yes, yes, cried Sigévar, with enthusiasm, I am sure of it! My conscience calls upon me to enter the convent. I

should think myself criminal if I should attempt to oppose it. Where can I find more opportunities of doing good? where can I live with people so holy? Yes, if my father consents, I will be a monk. Why is the time that I must wait, so long?—Well, then, answered father Anthony, may your resolution lead you to happiness! Your own inclination will conduct you with more certainty than any thing that can be said by others. Had I not known your inclination to the convent, I should have been very cautious of persuading you to enter it. As it is, your resolution must be commended. You will become a good, and a pious man. I have remarked that you fear God, and love your fellow creatures: persist in these laudable sentiments, and you will find that happiness, which so many others seek in vain. Let us sit down upon this grassy bank; I cannot walk long together, and we shall be here in the shade. While they were seated, the monk endeavoured to inculcate into

the young man, some of those good principles of conduct which he learned by his experience either in the world or in the cloister. When he had concluded, he raised his eyes to heaven, to implore grace from above upon his young friend. Let us take a few more turns in the garden, continued he, after a long pause : it is so fine, and I feel myself to-day stronger than usual. How beautiful is this bed of tulips ! how agreeably are their colours diversified ! Nature offers a thousand pleasures to those who love her, and who approach her shrine with a pure heart. This yellow tulip streaked with red, is but a worthless flower in the eyes of the connoisseur, notwithstanding it's great beauty. Siegevert pick me that tuberose ! nothing seems so delicious to me as the smell of this flower. Its rich perfume gives me sensations that I cannot describe—All nature is made for man ; all appears eager to please him. Yet insensible and ungrateful, he does not deign to pay attention to it ; he looks

upon all things with indifference, as if they were the work of chance. When I walk out alone, my greatest pleasure is to admire the love of God for mankind. These delicious reflections seem to render me more perfect, and to bring me nearer to the divinity. For this reason I have always loved the poets: they are more sensible than other men to the beauties of nature, and their works, in general, tend to inspire their readers with the same sentiments. This was attacking Sigevart on every side, for no one could be more sensible than himself to the charms of nature. As they approached the house, they saw Sigevart's father coming to meet them. Xavier ran to meet him, and eagerly seized him by the hand. Father Anthony embracing him, said, you have an excellent son Sigevart; his company for the two last days has given me great pleasure. God will reward you for the good education you have given him. I believe he is now quite determined

to become a monk; are you not Xavier?—XAVIER.—Oh! yes, Father, I beg you will let me stay here; if you knew what a delightful life! I cannot express the sensations I have experienced.—SIGEVART. You are, then, happy here Xavier? well I will not oppose your inclination. Your brothers and your sister send their love to you. They began to think I should no more bring you home, and Theresa was already growing quite melancholy. XAVIER.—Does she approve my becoming a monk? as for my brothers, I know they are not sorry for it: they have frequently told me as much.—SIGEVART. It is an affair which rests wholly with you and me, my friend; they have no occasion to concern themselves about it. However I believe they will not be sorry. Theresa alone fears you will not be able to accommodate yourself to the mode of living in a convent.—XAVIER. Does she know what it is? oh! I shall tell her all I have

seen, all I have experienced here. A lay brother came from the father Superior, to request the two visitors to go to the arbour in the garden. The bailiff received a thousand compliments and congratulations on the resolution of his son to settle in the convent, which was regarded as absolutely certain. The father Superior promised to write the next day to the Piarists at Gunzbourg, to ask them to receive young Sigevart into their college. Another said that his brother, father Philip, was regent in that college, and that he would recommend the young man to his particular care. The elder Sigevart agreed with the father Superior and father Anthony to put his son into the convent in six or seven years at farthest. About six o'clock he rose to take leave of the monks. When the young man saw the moment for leaving the convent draw near, his heart was oppressed with grief, and he wept. He stood some time pensive and trembling: then he suddenly ran out of the

room and came back soon after with the books that father Ignatius had lent him. He went up to the monk and said, I have read only half the life of St. Francis, and have had no time to look into the others. I am much obliged to you for the use of them. No, my dear Xavier, replied the monk, take them home, if the father Superior will permit it, and keep them till you have read them all. The manner in which he received this permission expressed his gratitude infinitely better, than any thing he could say. Let us see, said his father, what good books you have there. They are delightful books, answered the young man, they contain the miraculous life of St. Francis, and of many other great saints of this order.—Well, read them attentively since the reverend fathers have the goodness to lend them to you, and endeavour to profit by them. Come Xavier, thank them for all their kindness, and entreat them to con-

tinue their friendship for you. You see that they love you ; strive always to deserve their regard. Xavier's heart was too full to speak. He kissed the hands of the father Superior, and the other monks, and bathed them with his tears. His father obtained from father Anthony full information respecting the college, and the university to which he meant to send his son. For, though it was not necessary to go to a university in order to be a capuchin, he thought it better that his son should study the sciences : they will always be a resource said he to himself, against ennui, in his retirement, and should he happen to repent of his resolution, and wish to remain in the world, his learning will enable him to do it without difficulty. Father Anthony gave much good advice both to the father and to the son. I should have proposed, said he, sending your son to the university of Vienna ; but the distance is very great, and living

there, expensive; I think therefore you should prefer that of Ingolstadt, where there are also very good professors. Certainly, interrupted his friend, besides there are some of my wife's relations there, who can bring my son forward, and afford him their protection if necessary. Father Anthony also gave several useful hints to young Sigevart concerning the choice of his friends, when he should be at the university. At length he took leave of them. Many tears were shed on both sides, particularly because father Anthony spoke, in a prophetic tone of his death, as being near at hand. The father and son walked along the fields for some time in silence. At length said the father what have you seen in the convent? Sigevart related, with eager enthusiasm, all that had made a deep impression upon him, in the convent; and particularly in the village whither he had accompanied father Anthony. His father listened with pleasure, fre-

quently with emotion. Yes, cried he sometimes, that is father Anthony exactly; if you follow his footsteps my dear Xavier, I shall for ever bless the day when I first took you to the convent. As they left the wood, they saw William and Theresa coming towards them. Xavier no sooner perceived them than he flew to meet them; he loaded them with caresses, and eagerly pressed the hand of Theresa. Theresa, was a young, sprightly, ingenuous country girl. Her hair was black and long. She was rather above the middle size. Her countenance was animated by a pair of fine large blue eyes, and when she smiled, two charming little dimples were formed in the middle of her full round cheeks, upon which the roses of health bloomed in all their lustre. In short she was the goddess of the country graces. Her language was warm and animated, her repartees were distinguished by their wit and originality: happiness attended her

wherever she went; she loved to laugh unrestrained, and give free course to the joy of her heart. Yet she knew well how to be serious upon occasion. Sometimes towards the close of a fine day, or when she was playing some mournful air upon her harpsichord, her whole soul would be buried in tender melancholy! she delighted to be continually employed, particularly in country occupations. She knew what was necessary to be done, at every season. In the spring she amused herself in sowing all kinds of seeds in the garden which surrounded the house. In summer she prepared the meals for the mowers, and hay-makers. She assisted in gathering flax, or went into the fields to observe the reapers. She spoke to them with kindness, and in the evening took her milk with them. All loved her, without shewing her on that account less respect. In Autumn she took care to see the flax prepared, or went into the orchard

to assist in gathering the apples and pears. In winter she spun; mended her brother's things; and throughout the year managed all the household affairs. While at work, she was always gay, humming a tune, or laughing with her brothers. Charles, the eldest, was proud and selfish; William indolent and thoughtless. These two characters, by no means suited her; but she always behaved kindly to them, and gave way to their weaknesses, whenever she could do it with propriety. But Xavier appeared to be made for her. While they were yet children, she was with him all day long, assisting him to make his little military playthings. She represented the soldier's or sutler's wife, and like her brother, was for the king of Prussia. Often they walked, arm in arm, into the garden, or the little grove adjoining. There she sat upon the thick grass, contemplating with an agreeable surprise, all the beauties of nature, which always seemed new in her eyes; and

if she heard the song of the linnet or the nightingale, an exclamation of enthusiastic joy burst from her enchanted soul. Her brother, in the mean time, amused himself with catching butterflies, or gathering flowers, which he threw sportively into her apron. She knew how to give the most agreeable form to a nosegay, or to make a garland of flowers which she placed upon her head, and returned running and jumping to the house. When she was grown older, and began to take care of the house, she still amused herself in his company, towards the close of the day. She talked to him when he had done amiss, or vexed his father; and he always listened to her advice with docility. During two years that she boarded at a convent, she scarcely knew how to amuse herself without her dear Xavier; and, as soon as she knew how to write, kept up a constant correspondence with him. When she returned from the convent she

she wanted to teach him to play upon the harpsichord. At first he was eager enough to learn, and studied diligently ; but he soon gave it up for want of patience to learn to read music. On the other hand she begged him to explain Phædrus's Fables to her, because she loved reading in the long winter evenings, and had scarcely any books. Some time after she had an opportunity of reading the works of some of the best German authors, which were lent her by a Prussian officer, who was kept in the country as a prisoner of war. The more the mind of Xavier was expanded, the more did his sister's attachment to him encrease, till he became her confidential friend. This sympathy was perhaps augmented, by the resemblance they both had to their mother. But Salome, who was three years younger, than her sister Theresa, was extremely different from her in disposition, in her way of thinking, and in person. She was in no

respect handsome; her face was covered with freckles, her nose was turned up at the end, and her hair red. With all this, she was extremely proud of her beauty. Vanity was her favorite goddess; her whole study, night and day, was to invent some new decoration for her person, to offer at her shrine; and this for the sole purpose of making a figure at church on a Sunday, in the eyes of the country people, who certainly did not admire her good taste. This species of ingratitude offended her extremely; even Theresa herself was not exempt from it; for it was seldom she deigned to perceive when her sister had a new cap, or a new gown. The little body therefore revenged herself, by spending a great part of the year at Munich, with an old aunt. There she was admired by the footmen, and the runners of the court, while the ladies, the waiting-maids, and the milleners criticized and laughed at her. All her father's fa-

mily, but particularly Theresa, were delighted with this treatment. For the continual employment of Sa'lome was to adorn herself; to sing two or three French airs, which she did not understand; to ridicule the country and country manners; to despise those who did not admire every thing belonging to the city; and in short to look down with contempt on all around her, and particularly her sister, who unfortunately was handsomer than herself; and who in her dress and manners preferred the simplicity of nature, to the frivolous affectation of fashionable folly. Theresa was not wholly unacquainted with the manners of the city, having resided in it about six months after leaving the convent; but her peaceful soul sighed after the country, where innocence and love of truth, soon drive from the memory, that noisy species of life so unjustly called delightful by the inhabitants of the city. She did not like to be much engaged in company, because she

was always busy, and had her dear Xavier constantly with her. If she sometimes had a few friends to see her, it was not so much on her own account, as to give an agreeable variety to the retired country life, which her excellent father had constantly led since the death of his wife. She was rather his friend than his daughter, and her love and respect for him were unbounded. When he was out of spirits she endeavoured to amuse him, by playing some favorite piece upon her harpsichord. In a word, she was the support and the consolation of his old age. Theresa walked along, holding her dear Xavier by the hand, her eyes sparkling with joy, at the return of her father and brother. She first acquainted her father, with what had happened at home during his absence; and then asked her brother if he had been entertained during his stay at the convent. Sigevart could scarcely find words to describe all he had seen and felt.

and the excellent people, with whom he had got acquainted. At length he told her that it was settled he should be a monk, and that he was to depart in a few days to study in the college of the Piarists at Gunzbourg. At this intelligence Theresa stood as stricken with a thunderbolt: at first she pretended not to believe it: but Xavier soon took away all pretence for doubting, by assuring her that his father would confirm what he had said. She did not dare to oppose this resolution, notwithstanding the uneasiness it gave her; but she hoped to be able to hint some objections, when she had an opportunity of speaking to her father and brother. And you, William, said Xavier to his brother, what do you think of my determination? You say nothing; do you disapprove it? how should I know any thing about it, answered William; for my part, I think you are right. It must be very pleasant to live in a convent.—William thinks only

of ease, interrupted the father, I wish, William, you were as active as Xavier. Ease is very desirable, but it must be earned by labour. You would have one, without the other.—Have you entered that accmpt upon the books.—WILLIAM. No papa; indeed I forgot it; but I will do it to morrow—THE FATHER. How, to-morrow? did I not tell you it must be done to-day? but unless one stands over you, you will do nothing—Theresa, what have you got for our supper?—THERESA. I have got some roast pigeons, and a sallad, because it is so hot. THE FATHER. Very well, my dear Theresa, you know what I love. Apropos, you must remember to get Xavier's linen washed, as he will soon leave us. I only wait for a letter from town. William, is Charles at home?—Yes papa, I believe he is writing. As they passed through the garden to the house, the father perceived that Theresa had already watered the

flowers, and commended her diligence; and the pleasure he seemed to take in looking at them rendered them more beautiful in her eyes. We will sup this evening, said he, under the arbour in the garden; we shall enjoy the fresh air, and hear the warbling of the birds. Xavier went to his room to pack up his books. As he passed by, he saluted his brother who was still sitting at his desk, and who answered him coldly, without making any enquiries respecting his residence at the convent. Theresa with a pleasing diligence, soon served up the supper in the arbour. Her simple white dress, was tied up with a bow of pink ribbons. Her fine black hair fell upon her shoulders and floated in the air as she skipped across the garden. She sat, for the most part, by the side of her father, in order to amuse him by her conversation. She did it with the same grace, but not with the same gaiety as usual: for she was uneasy about her brother. His resolution,

was to her like a thick cloud which suddenly obscures a fine day, and filled her with alarm. Xavier was placed opposite to her. When he was not looking at her, she cast her eyes on him as by stealth, with an air of compassion, and two or three times was obliged to use all her efforts in order to conceal her tears. As for Charles, he had already been calculating how much his brother's determination would increase his inheritance, and, as if he feared that he might alter his opinion, he ceased not to extol the happiness of a monastic life, and to commend his choice. William deliberately eat his pigeon without saying any thing; now and then he put in a yes or a no, just to shew he was not asleep. After supper, they took a few turns in the garden, and conversed of some occurrences in the village, and the affairs of the family. Xavier and his father went to bed early. It was long before Theresa could go to sleep. A thousand gloomy presages crouded

upon her mind ; and her warm imagination, favoured by the silence of the night and the pale light of the moon, which faintly illuminated her chamber, contributed to render them still more dreadful. At length she closed her eyes swimming in tears. She rose early and carried in her father's breakfast. While she was in the room, she went first to one side, then to the other, put some papers in order, shook the pipes, coughed, in short wished to speak and could not. Twenty times, the words expired upon her lips. When her father had breakfasted, she went out to light his pipe. When she returned she sat down by the bureau, her eyes were cast down, she thrummed with her finger on the bureau, played with a feather, went up to the window, opened it, shut it again ; at length, half turning her face away, she said, are you in earnest papa, about Xavier ? Am I really to prepare every thing for his departure ? Sigevart, (the father.) Yes Theresa ; you are, no-

doubt, surprized at my taking so sudden a resolution: I should never have thought it possible myself. But I have already told you what passed at the convent, and how the monks engaged me not to oppose his inclination for the cloister. Yesterday I found him quite altered; his whole mind was occupied with the convent: It would make him miserable to check his wishes. I have often observed that his inconstancy is only apparent: when he has once taken his resolution, he does not easily alter it.—THERESA. That is true papa; but he is now under a species of enchantment. When the charm is dissipated, and he finds it too late to recede, what will be the consequence?—SIGEVART. I was before not quite easy, Theresa, and you encrease my apprehension. But what can I do? I left Xavier for a few days at the convent, hoping that confinement would teach him the value of liberty; the contrary has happened. He is now quite bent upon the monastic life. I cannot change

him; and perhaps he is right, as he seems to have so strong, indeed almost a supernatural call. Besides I should have some difficulty in settling him in the world, and I must think of the rest of you. 'Tis your interest Theresa; if he becomes a monk I can give you a larger portion.—THERESA. Oh papa! do not think of that. I would rather have nothing than see one of my brother's unhappy, particularly my dear Xavier.

SIGEVART. I know your way of thinking, Theresa, and said it only *en passant*. I cannot go back: I have given my word to the monks, and they have already written to the Piarists, concerning your brother. . . . Yet after all, this would be of little consequence; I could easily make a handsome excuse to them; but I should vex your brother; and do not like to force my children; especially in a thing on which so much happiness depends, as the choice of a profession. You may know my sentiments. If you think that your bro-

ther will be unhappy in a convent, I consent to your using all your efforts to dissuade him from his intention.—I would wish the poor fellow to enjoy all the happiness in life, to which his good disposition gives him so just a title. You have only to speak to him.—THERESA. Yes papa, I will tell him my opinion plainly, for this is not a time to be silent. When the thing is done, it will be too late to repent and reproach one's self.—SIGEVART. Well, my dear Theresa, I confide entirely in your prudence; but take care not to draw too disadvantageous a picture of the monastic life; in his present temper, it would only defeat your own end. Theresa left her father with her heart a little easier. She sought an opportunity to converse with her brother immediately, but she was prevented by William's having seated himself in Xavier's room, whence, upon no pretence, could she get him away. In the afternoon an old curate who lived in the neighbourhood came to see

them. Theresa loved him, for his amiable character, and sometimes extended her walks as far as his house. The old man seemed delighted at Xavier's determination to renounce the world, and made Theresa promise, to bring him to see him before his departure. The next day, Theresa found Xavier busy in his room, reading the life of St. Francis. Good day to you, reverend father, said she laughing, already studying? What are you reading there?—The life of St. Francis?—He was a monk, I think, and even a capuchin.—XAVIER He was the founder of our order, Theresa: a man full of virtue and holiness.—THERESA. Excellent! I knew nothing of him. One does not learn such things in the village!—XAVIER. You would do well to learn it; it would be of great use to you. There are few people like the great St. Francis.—THERESA. Oh surely! But one may be saved without, I suppose?—XAVIER. You speak too slightly sister. These things are above your

comprehension.—THERESA. I believe it. But do not be so hasty, brother; you certainly did not learn that at the convent. Speak good temperedly, my dear Xavier.—XAVIER. With all my heart, dear sister. Pardon my quickness, I was absorbed in my book.—THERESA. Let us talk no more of it, Xavier. You cannot think how much I love you: [yet you are going to leave us! Surely you are not serious about being a monk? Remain in the world; it is good, and contains so many excellent people.—XAVIER. That is very possible, my dear Theresa; but I am quite determined to be a monk.—THERESA. And why so, dear Xavier? Are you so well acquainted with the cloister and with the world, as to be able to give a preference to either? I see that your resolution is fixed; yet if you will not be angry, I will give you my opinion openly.—XAVIER. Be angry? Speak, speak, my dear Theresa: are you not my sister?—THERESA. Well then, at-

tend to me. I speak for your good, and because I love you with my whole heart. Having lived two years in a convent, I know something of the life that is led there; and can speak from experience. Like you I at first found every thing admirable. I thought myself in heaven, and would hear no more of the world. Every thing breathed union and charity. On all sides I heard only my dear sister! my good sister! When they met in the morning they kissed each other tenderly, and again when they separated in the evening. I was silly enough to think that this would last for ever. Peace, thought I has quitted the world, to fix herself in the cloister, and I regretted the time which I had not spent in this holy retreat. But in a few weeks, when I was no longer a stranger in the convent, things assumed a very different appearance. Petty disputes arose at table. The nuns sneered at each other. They retorted; grew angry; the abbess made signs to

them and they were for a little while silent. But the moment she went out they began more eagerly than ever; and frequently disputed with such rancour, that they parted in tears. You perhaps will not believe it, yet nothing is more true; there is more jealousy and hatred in the convent, than in all the world beside. The nuns and the boarders shewed me indeed all possible kindness, as the capuchins have you; but there are good reasons for this behaviour. When one would make a child take a bitter medicine, it is necessary to put some honey on the edge of the cup. How would the monks and the nuns find people to fill their convents, if they disgusted them at the outset, by austere behaviour? I am sure they shall never catch me in their convent, though they should draw the finest picture in the world of it. You expect to find peace, and internal tranquillity! There was a time when I thought so too. But I have frequently seen

the nuns come out of their cells in the morning, with their eyes red, and wet with tears, so that it was evident they had been weeping the whole night. Believe me, dear brother, nothing is more melancholy than to see twenty or thirty young women, mostly in the prime of life, with pale cheeks, and eyes suffused with tears, standing up in a choir, mournfully singing psalms; and from time to time throwing up towards heaven a supplicating look, which seemed to implore death as the only benefit they desired. Yes Xavier, this is, of all sights, the most distressing. And when we enter their cells, where they can give a free vent to their tears; when we remove the veil which concealed a part of the despondency of their countenances; ah! brother! I cannot express what one feels at that moment. The chaste bosom, which should be filled only with the love of its celestial spouse, is frequently disturbed by involuntary sighs, con-

secrated to a very different object. Man is always man, in the convent as in the world. Many innocent and unfortunate victims, curse in secret their existence and their passions; and fasting, penance and mortification become the arms which their despair employs, to accelerate the termination of their misery. No brother, I exaggerate nothing; I tell you precisely what I have myself beheld. A young baroness of nearly my own age, confided to me, the history of her sorrows. My heart still bleeds when I think of the evening in which she told me her misfortunes, by the light of the moon. She was beloved by a young gentleman in the neighbourhood, to whom she was also tenderly attached. They were engaged to each other with the consent of their parents. The young man being an officer in the Bavarian service, was obliged to join his regiment. He took a tender farewell of her, promised to write, and in fact sent her

five letters in the first two months. All on a sudden his correspondence ceased. She waited, day after day, and week after week, till her anxiety concerning his fate, threw her into a delirious fever; in the ravings of which she incessantly repeated his name. In this state she remained for a fortnight, and her first enquiry when she recovered her senses, was whether there was a letter for her. They did not dare to tell her there was one. She observed their hesitation, and relapsed into her former state. She told me what she felt while in this situation; it was really terrible. She was at length cured by a stratagem. In one of her calm moments, her physician told her, that letters had been received from her lover; that he had been wounded in the arm, in a skirmish, but that he was almost perfectly recovered, and hoped to be able to write to her soon. He added that they had received this information from his relations, whom he had desired to

remember him affectionately to his young mistress. This fiction had more effect than all the prescriptions of the physician. She gradually recovered, and at the end of a fortnight, was so far improved in her health, as to be permitted to take an airing in the carriage. The two first times she was accompanied by her relations; the third time she had only her maid with her. When she was at some distance from home, she called to the coachman to drive to Bettemheim to Baron Stainbourgs. The servant, alarmed, did all in her power to dissuade her from it. She represented to her that it was too far, that the journey might injure her. All was in vain; she was resolved to learn from the relations of her dear Theodore themselves, how he did; and whether he would soon be well.—What is he doing? where is he? how does he do? cried she, throwing herself into the arms of the baroness.—Who Ma'm'seille? what do you mean?—My dear

Theodore, your son, is he recovered? Theodore, my son? Do you not know, that he married in Silesia, about three months ago?—Married! Theodore married! she got into the carriage, and fainted in her maid's arms. With much difficulty the servant at length recovered her a little. She remained motionless on her seat, her eyes fixed, seemingly absorbed in thought. All on a sudden, as they were passing a bridge, she sprung towards the door as if to open it, and to throw herself into the water. The maid prevented her and she again fell motionless upon her seat. When she reached up stairs, she called her mother, and exclaimed, he is married! For three weeks my poor friend remained in the most deplorable state; exclaiming from time to time, *Theodore is married!* three months afterwards she became more calm, and entered into a convent. Her parents did not dare oppose her inclination. When her noviciate was ended she

took the vows. No one dared to mention Theodore; whenever she heard his name, she cursed him, and passed the night in tears. Three years afterwards Theodore returned home. He desired to see his mistress, to whom he had continued faithful. When he heard she had become a nun, he uttered a piercing cry, leaned against a wall and fainted away. He was carried to an inn, where an imprudent servant told him every thing that had happened, and that his mother had spread the report of his being married. At this intelligence, rage took possession of his soul; and he passed the night in the ravings of despair. The next morning he mounted his horse and rode to his father's castle; where the first object he saw was his mother. The sight of her redoubled his despair and his anger; his own and his mistresses misfortune, stifled every sentiment of humanity in his breast; he drew his sword, and his mother expired at his feet. Since

that time he has never been heard of. A person who was thought to resemble him, was observed one night in the garden of the convent. He was standing near my friend's cell, but having perceived a nun, at one of the windows, he instantly disappeared. My friend lingered for about a year. She continually sighed for death; she spoke very seldom to any one; but was frequently heard to talk to herself. Once only she mustered up sufficient strength to converse with me for some time; it was then she related her melancholy story. She concluded by saying; oh! my dear friend, whatever may happen to you, never bury yourself in a convent! three weeks after she expired, pronouncing with her last breath the name of her lover.— You are affected Xavier! believe me, my dear brother, the convent is the abode, of grief and despair. The majority of those who enter it are conducted there by misfortune, and followed by repentance.

In the convent in which I boarded, I did not see a single nun, who was not a prey to regret. Vexation, enthusiastic devotion, the avarice of parents, imprudence, and despair; are the sources that fill the convents. But the influence of things has its limits, and the illusion must at length vanish; but generally, alas! too late; the vow once pronounced can never be recalled.—XAVIER. Very well Theresa, you speak of the convents for women. I know not what passes there, nor does it much concern me; but in those inhabited by men.—THERESA. Do you think, then that the case is not the same with the monks as with the nuns? have you not the same passions as we? I rather think that the monks are even more unhappy. Men are more used than we to the enjoyment of liberty; their passions are more ardent; they are more impatient of controul. A woman does not find her way of life much altered in a convent. She is accustomed from her infancy to

submission and obedience, and passes a great part of life in retirement. Men, on the contrary, enjoy in the world perfect liberty. One would think the cloister particularly suited to women; yet they are unhappy in it.—XAVIER. Granted. But you must own that there is a great difference. The nuns are confined for life, while the monks can leave their convent for days together, and live, as formerly, among the people of the world—THERESA. This is something, but not every thing. An evil, though less than another, is, notwithstanding an evil. It is equally true, that you should do all in your power to avoid it. This is the question. You must take the vows of chastity, of poverty, and of obedience. You must swear to observe rules, which are an insult to common sense. Why would God have given us liberty, if he had wished us not to enjoy it? Why should he have created men and women, if they were to live shut up

between four walls, and separate from each other? Gold, silver, and other temporal possessions are presents of heaven: why despise them? why reject them? why live by the labour of others? no, Xavier, I cannot believe that that can be right; I cannot believe that man should be the maker of his own misery.—

XAVIER. You press close sister. I had never considered the subject in this light. To enter the convent from interested views, without regard to the good of others, is I believe very inexcusable. But as far as I have been able to observe, it is not always thus. I yesterday spoke to you of father Martin, of father Gregory, and, above all, father Anthony. You must confess that such monks do a thousand times more good to their fellow creatures, than people who live in the world.

THERESA. They may do as much, but not more. And after all these are extraordinary persons; such as are seldom met with, and who

certainly might have done as much good had they remained in the world. Consider our good father for example; look at the good he has done, and is doing every day. He preserves order and peace in the village. He collects the revenues of the prince, without trampling upon the peasants. Every one loves and blesses him. He is kind to all the poor who deserve it, He loved our mother as himself, and made her happy while she lived. He has spared no pains to give us a good and religious education, and to enable us to be in our turn useful to the world. We have received from him a great number of good precepts and examples; a great many kindnesses which we have enjoyed, and still enjoy every day. Is not this the life of a beneficent being? Is not such a life agreeable to God? (*Xavier weeps*) Look at all the good fathers of families in the village; do they not draw upon themselves the blessing of God and of men, without being obliged to live in a convent?

—XAVIER. That is true, sister. But I think that I am more calculated to live in the cloister than in the world; and that I shall be able to do more good there. God knows, my only view in embracing this profession, is to do to mankind all the good in my power. I have often considered my own temper, and thought myself particularly suited to the ecclesiastical profession, I think it is the only one in which I can be sure of being happy.—THERESA. I fear precisely the reverse, my dear Xavier; for perhaps no one was ever less calculated than yourself for the profession of a monk. Is a lively, impetuous, restless young man made to pass a great part of his life in a dark cell! Is he made to be continually repeating his Ave Maria, counting his beads, singing psalms, and mumbling over his breviary? Can he be happy in the society of a parcel of morose and gloomy monks, who have not a single friend in that very convent, which appears to you so attractive? Can he

blindly submit to the will of a capricious Superior, and to all the fooleries he may think fit to prescribe? No, brother; nothing is more repugnant to your character. For God's sake then, my dear Xavier, reflect once more before you finally determine. I do not wish to prescribe the conduct you should pursue; I mean only to advise. You know how I love you: except our father, no one is so dear to me as you. If you still think you can do more good, in the ecclesiastical than in any other profession, why should you not be a lay priest like the old curate who came to see us yesterday? He certainly does as much good as any monk in the world. Suppose we call upon him to-day; you will see what a worthy man he is. A lay priest, may in some degree at least, enjoy his life, and is more happy than a monk. You will have the kindness to think of it again, my dear brother, wont you? Here she took him by the hand, and looked at him with a smile, though

her eyes were filled with tears. Xavier could resist no longer : he sobbed aloud, threw his arms around her neck, and said, My dear Theresa, I don't know what answer to make you. Yes, I will reflect ; I promise you I will ; I will do nothing rashly ; I will examine every thing ; and, if possible, renounce my design : you may depend upon it. Now I beg you to leave me alone, for a little while. She went away, and, as she left him, gave him a look more expressive than the longest discourse. Xavier was extremely agitated and softened ; two words more would have changed him. His sister's arguments had made a deep impression upon him, both because they were solid and because she was dear to him. She had raised scruples in his breast which he had never thought of. His tears flowed in abundance ; he walked up and down the room, continually exclaiming, " What shall I do." He was still irresolute, when he happened to cast his eye on the Life of

St. Francis. In an instant his imagination transported him to the convent. He recollected all he had seen and heard, particularly the discourses of father Anthony. What will this good man say, thought he, if I am so changeable? He will be vexed, and I shall entirely forfeit his esteem and his friendship.—No, said he at length, I cannot do otherwise; I must be a monk. All I can do for my sister is to promise her not to take my final resolution till two years hence. If I find her uneasiness well founded, I can always be a lay priest. This resolution made him more easy; and seeing his sister in the garden, he went down, and told her what he had resolved to do for her sake. Theresa was satisfied; she thanked him for his friendship; and said it was just that he should do as his reason and his conscience prescribed. They changed the conversation. Theresa said she would get ready every thing necessary for his journey, in case he should be obliged to depart soon, adding, that

as Gunzbourg was only a few leagues off, it would be easy to send the rest after him. After dinner, Theresa asked her father's permission to go to see the curate at Windenheim. Perhaps, said she, my brother will find the life of a lay-priest as agreeable as that of a monk. It will be better for him if he should prefer it. After an agreeable walk through a beautiful country, they arrived at the parsonage. The good curate, who had seen them from his window, came to meet them, with an air of politeness and friendship.—Very well, my daughter, (so he called Theresa,) this is keeping your word! Good day to you my dear children; sit down; you must be tired. What will you take? some wine or coffee? Speak; any thing you please.—THERESA. If you will be so good, Sir, as to let us have some milk.—THE CURATE. You shall have some milk, when we go into the garden; but you will want something in the mean time; (*to his housekeeper*) Susan, bring us a cup

of coffee. How do all do at home?

Your good father is well I suppose?

XAVIER. Yes, Sir; he desired us to give you his best respects.—THE

CURATE. A thousand thanks, my dear friend. So you are going to study in the city; may God bless your determination.—THERESA. We

have had a dispute, Sir, this morning, upon this very subject. Do you not agree with me, that it would be better for him to be a lay priest, and attempt to get a curacy somewhere in the neighbourhood? I fear much that he will not suit the convent, and that the convent will not suit him.—

THE CURATE. I am of your opinion, Miss Theresa. But in affairs of this nature people must be guided by their own ideas. The monks are in general our enemies. If I were to advise him not to enter among them, it might be imputed to personal resentment. Let him only endeavour to become an honest man, and the dress he wears will signify little. While he is pursuing his studies, he may reflect

seriously on the sacrifice he is determined to make. Among the monks, as among us Miss Theresa, there are good and bad. If he can only accustom himself to the rules, that is the chief thing, and it is in this particular that he should be careful to consult his strength. I have just received some news which afflicts me much. My brother at Borgau is dead, and has left six children, without father or mother. But God will watch over them, and be a father to them. There were five of us brothers and sisters; and I am the only one left, though I have always been the weakest. But temperance and frugality are the best physicians in the world. Thank God I have been so successful in persuading the peasants of my village of this, that it is very uncommon to see one of them intoxicated; and on Sundays and holidays they pass the alehouse without being tempted to enter it.... Susan is the coffee ready.... Come children; I remember when coffee

was not used; but one must comply with custom in indifferent things. What I have always loved in the convents is the frugal and orderly life that is led there, or rather which ought to be led there; for unfortunately all the monks do not conform to it....Pour out the coffee Susan, you will do it better than I....How does father Anthony do, my young friend? He is a very good man. I am glad to see him in my village, for he also preaches to my peasants temperance, and other christian virtues.—XAVIER. He is very well, Sir; he is indeed a holy man.—THE CURATE. I know it. We studied together, and I have always felt a pleasure in his company. If you please we will now go into the garden. In such a lovely season, one seems to grow young again with the plants and trees. And then I want to shew Miss Theresa all the improvements I have been making this season. I think she will approve them: I know she is a judge. Theresa gave her hand to the old

man, and they all went into the garden. Look at my apricots and peaches, said the curate as they entered, the fruit begins to set already. If God should preserve them from the hail and from frost, the branches will be almost broken with the weight. Oh Miss Theresa, if you had seen them when they were in blossom! I remained sometimes till midnight at my window, to enjoy their fragrance. Observe that beautiful apple tree, so covered with blossoms, that scarce a leaf is visible. Such a tree as that nourishes thousands of caterpillars, of bees, of butterflies, of insects of every species, which rejoice in their existence; and besides that, it furnishes us with an abundant harvest of delicious fruit. I spend a great deal of time in my orchard; I love to see the growth of the trees I have planted myself, and besides find plenty of employment, in clearing away the vermin, and in pruning, or grafting, at the proper seasons. These employments afford me exercise, suffi-

cient to keep me in health. In this way one may make a country life agreeable, and forget the pleasures of the town. Do you not think the same, Miss Theresa?—THERESA. Yes indeed. I wish you had had time to look at our garden yesterday; every thing is in bloom with us too. The apple tree, by my father's window, is as white as snow; and the pear trees, oh, you cannot think how beautiful they are! Ah, what a pretty little blue-eyed girl that is! What a sweet countenance!—THE CURATE. It is the granddaughter of one of my neighbours. She often comes to see me, and I love to play with her. Nothing is so interesting as these innocent little creatures, when they begin to speak. All they say is so simple, so natural.....Come, Mary, kiss the young lady's hand. Don't be afraid; she loves little girls.....make a pretty courtsey....there. The good curate took her in his arms; he kissed her, picked her flowers, and, after having amused himself with her some time,

led her to the garden gate, and desired his housekeeper to give her some sugar plumbs. It is a pity you have no children Sir, said Theresa; you would make little angels of them.—

THE CURATE. I often say so. But my profession does not admit it. I might perhaps have been unhappy in the marriage state. Children often give their parents much occasion for affliction. Ah, here comes Susan with some milk: shall we go and take it under the arbour? They walked to the arbour. Theresa enlivened the conversation by her good humour and sprightly sallies. The good curate was as gay as a young man. The soul of Xavier was filled with a soft and tranquil sensibility. Nobody possessed, like Theresa, the happy talent of accommodating herself to all dispositions, and rendering herself agreeable to all those, with whom she conversed. It was really charming to see with what an air of interest she spoke of every thing that was dear to the heart of the good cu-

rate. She talked to him of his parishioners, of his relations, and, above all, of his garden. She listened to him with apparent attention and curiosity, and in the most pleasing manner threw in a thousand little things relative to the subject of the conversation. The old man spoke with an air of confidence to his young friends; now and then he mingled some moral instruction in his discourse, and was charmed with the attention they paid him. When they left him in the evening, he accompanied them to the end of the village; he pressed Theresa's hand, and again wished Xavier all possible happiness. You see, said Theresa to her brother, that people may do good in all professions, and particularly in this. Is there any sight so affecting, as that of a man, whose sole labour is to make one family of a whole village, who regards all those by whom he is surrounded as his children? This worthy curate does a multitude of good actions, which you would learn by degrees,

as you became better acquainted with him. He gives good advice to the peasants, settles their disputes, visits them when they are sick, and administers such simple remedies, as he knows will at least do no harm.—XAVIER. I can do the same in the convent by imitating father Anthony. But I promise you, sister, not to decide, without examining every thing strictly. It will be long before I can enter the convent, and before that time many things may happen.—THERESA. Well brother, that makes me easy; don't let us speak any more of it.—In fact Theresa hoped every thing from time; and thought that her brother would, at length, be induced to change entirely. When they got home they related to their father, what they had seen, and heard, during their visit to the good curate. They gave a description of his garden, and of the new improvements he had been making in it. Their father also passed an encomium on him, and said that Theresa had

learned many good things from him. Theresa smiled, cast down her eyes, and blushed. The next morning the bailiff received a letter from the prefect of the college of the Piarists, to inform him that in consequence of the regard he had for the recommendation of the Capuchins, he should be glad to see his son whenever he thought proper; that they would receive him with pleasure, and would take the greatest care of his improvement, and his morals. He added, that he should not put young Sigevart into the common dormitory; but that he had prepared a bed for him in the room of a boarder, that he might be more comfortable. Afterwards he gave his compliments to Xavier, and assured him that father Philip would be glad to take him under his own care. The bailiff sent word that his son would set off in two days. Xavier did not feel himself quite at ease. He longed to be sufficiently learned to embrace the ecclesiastical profession. Theresa was melancholy; she wept

in private, as she prepared every thing for his departure. Charles was rejoiced in his heart; but he concealed his joy. He was going to be rid of a brother, who was more loved than himself, and in favour of whom he feared that his father would do something to his disadvantage. The indolent William beheld all with indifference; he did not even enquire the day of his brother's departure. In a year or two, said Sigevart to his son, you may, if you apply diligently, know enough to go to some university, where you will also have to stay a considerable time. Meanwhile, you will arrive at that age, when a young man may dispose of his liberty. He gave him many prudent and useful counsels; advised him always to remain attached to virtue, to avoid the snares of those who would seduce him into evil, and to make good use of his time and his money. Xavier was affected. He promised with tears in his eyes, to observe all that he had been told, and retired to his room,

when he prayed to God to enable him to persist in his good resolutions. He spent the greater part of the next day with his sister. Their conversation was melancholy: though they had much to say to each other, they sometimes remained half an hour without speaking. Theresa gave him a purse of her own making, and they promised to write to each other regularly. Xavier wished not to go to bed, that he might enjoy as much of his sister's company as possible; but his father opposed it, because he thought sleep necessary for him. At midnight they separated. Xavier would have persuaded his sister not to rise early; but Theresa was angry: Do you think, said she, that I can consent not to bid you adieu? Who knows, added she, whether we shall ever meet again. At four o'clock next morning Xavier was called. He rose agitated and melancholy. Theresa, with her cheeks pale, and her eyes swimming in tears, came into his room, threw herself on his neck,

and embraced him. She could only articulate....my brother....do not forget Theresa. His father called him apart to converse with him. Recollect, said he, the advice I have given you. Our family has always been remarked as attached to piety and virtue; do not you cause us to forfeit our good reputation. Here is a little money: use it well; (*it was a purse containing fifteen crowns and two or three ducats*); I will take care of you as long as I am able. But do not count too much on me. We are all mortal. Who knows whether I have long to live. (*Here Sigevart burst into tears.*) Yes, my dear boy, one should be prepared for every thing. Learn something useful; that you may not be obliged to depend on the pity of others. Adieu, my child! God bless you, and fulfil the wishes I form for you! Upon this he embraced his son and pressed him to his bosom. Their tears were mingled on the cheeks of Xavier. It was the second time in his life that he had seen

his father shed tears ; the first was on the death of his mother. He sobbed in the old man's arms, unable to utter a syllable. At length the father put an end to this affecting scene by leading him to the parlour, where they found Charles and Theresa ; as for William, it had not been possible to wake him. Theresa had prepared coffee. Neither she nor Xavier could speak. Charles did all he could to appear melancholy ; but eyes less engaged might have seen that his grief was affected. The father stood at the window, looking at the horses, as the men were putting them to the carriage. Xavier, said he at length, the horses are put to. These words were like a clap of thunder to the young man. He rose with precipitation, looked for his hat, and turned from Theresa to conceal his emotion. She could no longer bear this sight, but left the room, and waited at the door till her brother should come out. Come, Xavier, said his father, you must go. Remember what I have said

to you. Adieu ! God be with you ! Then he embraced him once more, and retired instantly to hide his tears. As Xavier went out Theresa threw herself upon his neck, exclaiming, Farewell, a thousand times farewell, my dear, dear Xavier ! God for ever preserve you in health and safety ! She could say no more. Xavier advanced in silence, to the carriage. He looked at his father, who was standing at the window, to bid him once more adieu ; shook hands again with Theresa from the coach window, and the carriage drove out of the court yard. For more than half an hour had Sigevart been advancing through a country enlightened by the brilliant Aurora, and neither his eyes nor his heart had been attracted by its beauty. At length the first rays of the rising sun brought him to himself. He rose to take another look at the steeple of the village church, and the convent, which was on the left, struck his sight at the same time. He saw the grove of fir trees ; he recalled to mind all

he had seen in the convent; the image of father Anthony arose in his heart, and his soul again plunged itself into the delicious chimeras of the monastic life. His warm and tender imagination gave to these chimeras the most seducing colours. A soul like his is passionately attached to romantic and extraordinary ideas which have the charm of novelty, and what more romantic than the happiness of a cloister. As he became more calm, he admired the vast extent of country which seemed to unfold itself before him. A varied scene of fields, of towns, of forests, passed rapidly before his eyes, presenting a thousand charming prospects, changing every moment. The mountains of Tyrol, which rose before him, lifted their proud summits to the heavens, and seemed to form an impenetrable chain round the country. "On one side, enlightened by the rays of the sun, they dazzled the eye by their lustre, while on the other, they were involved in shades

of the deepest blue. Sigevart had during an hour been admiring the scene before him, when a shepherd leading his flock to pasture attracted his attention. He was an old man, covered with rags, who was singing a sprightly country air, and whose clear voice re-echoed through the valley. The gaiety of the old man pleased Sigevart ; he made a sign to him, and threw him a four-penny piece, and a tear stood in his eye when he saw the poor man thank him in the most expressive manner, and then continue his song. A quarter of an hour afterwards he heard some music of a very different kind. It was a party of ten or twelve recruits, half drunk, who were going to join their regiment, under the care of four Austrian soldiers, and were singing dissolute songs. They made some impertinent speeches to Sigevart, and began to call out, Long live the Emperor and Empress. One of them followed the rest in mournful silence. He was tolerably dressed, and had much the

appearance of a young man of good family, whom some misfortune had obliged to enlist. He bowed politely to Sigevart, who kept his eyes fixed on him till they were out of sight. Some time after, the coachman stopped at a village to bait his horses. Xavier went into the inn, and in a short time after, the recruiting party whom he had seen, came into the room. The landlord asked, with trembling, what they chose to have. Some beer and some brandy, answered they. The young man whom Sigevart had noticed seated himself alone in a corner, and rested his head on his two hands. What's the matter with him? whispered the landlord to one of the soldiers. Hang me if I can tell, replied he. All I know is, that he is a student of Dillingen. He has perhaps got into some scrape. He is a good lad, who sometimes raises my pity. He certainly has a mistress, for he often looks in his snuff box, where there is the picture of a very pretty girl; and, when he thinks no

one sees him, he sheds tears over it, presses it against his heart, and kisses it. In the mean time the young man raised his eyes and fixed them on Sigevart, who looked at him with compassion. He took out his box and held it out to Sigevart. A very pretty woman, said the latter. Oh, she's an angel, answered the young man, and then relapsed into his reverie.—Come landlord, said one of the recruiters, what will you give me for these two hares? I have killed them within this half hour: see how fat they are.—THE LANDLORD. I think, Mr. Serjeant, that fifteen creutzers is enough. Hares are common and money is scarce.—THE SERJEANT. Two hares for fifteen creutzers! You are dreaming sure! Hark ye, you shall have them for seven batzen; I wont bate a farthing, and then you'll have them cheap.—LANDLORD. As it is to you, Mr. Serjeant, I will give you six batzen, and a glass of cherry brandy into the bargain.—SERJEANT. Done! fetch me a glass, and the best too, do

you hear. During this conversation Sigevart looked attentively at the young man, who had taken a letter from his pocket, which he was reading with an air of tenderness. If I could assist him, said Sigevart! He wished to have given him money, and had put his hand two or three times into his pocket for that purpose; but he did not dare to give him any thing in the presence of his companions for fear of hurting his feelings. Sigevart's driver came to tell him his horses were put to. He went out and continued his journey. He was not more than half a league from the village, when he overtook a woman, followed by three children, who were crying bitterly. Ah! my dear young gentleman, cried she, help a poor woman, who is forced to leave her house and her village.—Why so?—Ah, my God! because my husband has killed two stags that were eating our corn. Alas! I shall never see him again; they have put him in prison for life. Sigevart gave her a crown, for which

the poor woman seemed very grateful, and ordered the driver to proceed. At length he arrived in sight of Gunzbourg. It is agreeably situated on the lofty banks of the Danube, with a grove of firs on each side. The sight of a new country, where he was to reside for a considerable time, made the heart of Sigevart beat with new emotions. As they crossed the bridge over the Danube, he saw two Piarists, with four or five scholars. His heart beat violently: he took off his hat and made a low bow. One of the Piarists returned his salutation, with the air of an old acquaintance. If it were father Philip? thought he. When he entered the city he alighted, and enquired the way to the college. He remained trembling in the court yard while the porter went to announce him. He was led into a large hall, where he was received by the rector, the prefect, and a governor. So you are the young Sigevart, who wish to come here to study?—Yes Sir.—You

are welcome ; we have heard much to your advantage, and hope you will find every thing here as you wish. Sigevart bowed, and trembled violently. Don't tremble, my friend ; you have nothing to fear : we shall soon be acquainted. Father John, shew him the room we have had prepared for him. Father John took him by the hand, and led him into a large room, which looked towards the Danube, over the beautiful meadows which adorn its banks, and over an immense plain. In this room there was another boarder, named Kreutzner, who received Sigevart in the most obliging manner. You will live together, said father John, and I hope you will agree, for you are of the same age, and both come of worthy parents. Kreutzner, I recommend young Sigevart to you ; pay attention to him, for we have received a very good character of him. Rest yourself, Sir, continued he to Sigevart, put your things in order, and in an hour you will be called to dinner.

Kreutzner bestowed the most flattering attention on Sigevart ; he requested his friendship, and described the mode of life pursued in the house, and the pleasures they should enjoy together. Sigevart's coachman brought his portmanteau. The young man, with tears in his eyes, wrote a few lines to his father, thanking him for his kindness, and also to Theresa, to tell her how he had been received by the Piarists. He had just finished his letters, when the father who had saluted him on the bridge came into the room. How pleased was he to find, that it was father Philip, brother to the capuchin who had recommended him. Father Philip was from forty to fifty years of age. His manner was cheerful, his countenance open, and mildness beamed on every feature. He loved Sigevart the moment he saw him ; he clasped his hand, and assured him of his friendship, if he would accept and return it. He made enquiries about the convent, about

his brother, and his family; and his mild and obliging behaviour soon gained the confidence of the young man. Kreutzner also frequently joined in the conversation, and strove to attract the attention of Sigevart; but father Philip did not seem to notice him much. They were soon called to dinner; and found four governors, and thirty or forty scholars at table. Sigevart as a stranger, dined at the governor's table. There were few dishes, but well dressed. The conversation was unreserved and lively. The governor did not speak to his scholars in that tone of superiority, which is calculated to repel young people, rather than to gain their friendship and confidence. Every scholar was at liberty to speak his sentiments freely, without fearing to be accused of wanting respect for his masters. One only of the governors, called father Anthony, appeared morose, proud, and passionate; he continually contradicted both the governors and the scholars, so that

one would have thought his whole delight consisted in quarrelling with all around him. He put two or three questions to Sigevart in so harsh a tone, that the poor young man was frightened, and knew not what to answer. But father Philip soon relieved him from his embarrassment by taking up the conversation himself. The greater part of the scholars were modest and well-behaved. A young man of eighteen named Kronhelm, particularly drew the attention of Sigevart. His fine blue eyes were large and mild: his hair was light, and an air of melancholy, mingled with innocence and candour, overspread his countenance. The eyes of the two young men, now and then met each other but they turned them away immediately, like two lovers; and then drawn by mutual sympathy, they again sought each other: they appeared to read each other's hearts; they felt as if they had been long acquainted; and already they vowed to each other, at

the bottom of their souls, that friendship, whose ties they afterwards found means to draw so closely. After dinner, the hour for study being come, Sigevart was placed with Kreutzner, in the class, where he was to learn the first rudiments of the Latin language. He was enchanted with the serious, and at the same time gentle manner, in which the governor spoke to his pupils. The manner in which the Piarists instruct the Catholic youth, has acquired them a deserved reputation. They dedicate themselves entirely to the education of their pupils, and neglect no means of acquiring all the knowledge necessary for the discharge of this important trust. Far different is this from the Jesuits, who commonly employ themselves in a thousand hurtful and dangerous pursuits. Towards evening Sigevart, pressed by the solicitations of Kreutzner, who had obtained leave from the prefect to take a walk, was obliged, much against his will, to accompany him. He would much

rather have remained with Father Philip, or the young Kronhelm. Kreutzner took every opportunity of shewing his friendship to Sigevart; he smiled at all he said, frequently pressed his hand, and thus easily gained the inexperienced and too credulous heart of the young man. After supper Sigevart retired with his companion to his room. Kreutzner pulled out a pack of cards, which he had concealed under a cushion, and proposed to him to play. He at first made some difficulties, but as he was of an easy temper, and liked not to contradict any one, he consented to the proposal. He lost half a florin; he played fairly, and his companion cheated him as much as he could. The next day Sigevart was still at liberty to do as he pleased. Towards evening father Philip sent for him, and talked a great deal with him. The open and lively air of the father enchanted the young man. He related to him many curious anecdotes, taken from history, which was his favourite

study ; mingling with them many sensible reflections which did honour to the goodness of his heart. He also shewed him several landscapes in India ink, of his own drawing. Sigevart was delighted with father Philip's apartment, and particularly at his request to come frequently to see him, and to walk out with him. This evening also Kreutzner prevailed on him to play, and this time he lost a florin. The next day the prefect and a governor examined him. They were pleased with his sensible answers, and determined to place him in the third class to study Latin. As he wanted neither talents nor inclination, he soon accustomed himself to the rules of the house, and acquired the esteem of all his masters. He learned his accidence in a short time, and was soon able to translate. He ran over, when alone, the authors he had read when in school. He loved history, and Cornelius Nepos was his favourite author. He spent whole hours in reading an action honourable

to human nature ; and the lives of Cimon, Epaminondas, Phocion, and many other great men, were his continual study. He loved, he admired those heroes who sacrificed their own interest to the good of their country. When he saw their ardent love for their country, the same patriotism took possession of his soul, and he burned with the desire of performing similar actions. When he contemplated their mild and peaceful virtues, their humanity, and their sensibility, his tears flowed in abundance. But he abhorred those sanguinary men, who had acquired the name of heroes only by slaughtering or oppressing nations, whom nature had created free. It was father Philip, who, in his private conversations with him, had taught him to read history with advantage. His piety became more pure and exalted. His tutor was a man of sense and merit : the misfortunes he had undergone, and his continued ill health, had taught him by experience, that those parts of religion,

which man finds it difficult to explain, are not those which serve to console him under the pains and difficulties of this life. The good father therefore strove only to inspire his pupils with the spirit of religion. He inculcated those precepts of Jesus, and the apostles, which teach us to tranquillize our own hearts, and to do good to others; precepts, the knowledge and practice of which, are the only consolations of man at the hour of death. He considered religion as an affair of the heart rather than the understanding. Sigevart studied also geography and geometry. He sometimes spent half the night in reading, and in a short time had acquired considerable knowledge. As we are less concerned with the history of Sigevart's understanding, than with that of his heart, we shall say little of the first, to pay more attention to the second, and shall relate only such facts as had a real influence on the events of his life or on his character. For this pur-

pose we shall go back to the time of his entering the college. After the examination, the rules of the college, and those of his own class in particular, were read to him. He promised to observe them, and gave his hand to his tutor as a pledge of sincerity. Among other things was a prohibition to play for money. This prohibition alarmed his conscience. The same evening Kreutzner proposed to him to play: he refused, and pleaded the prohibition which had just been read. Kreutzner smiled: he ridiculed his simplicity, and added, that a person must be a great fool to observe all those rules; that no one ever did, and that they were only read for form's sake. Sigevart did not suffer himself to be persuaded; he religiously kept a promise which he regarded as a species of oath, and ceased to think so well of his companion. As soon as Kreutzner perceived the coolness of Sigevart towards him he thought of a new plan to regain his heart.

He affected all the appearance of virtue and sobriety, and the first time they walked out together, threw his cards into the Danube. Every morning and evening he prayed aloud in his room, spoke continually of religion, and at length succeeded in acquiring a second time the affection of Sigevart, who was now so continually with him, that he even neglected to visit father Philip. One day Kreutzner came home affecting the deepest sorrow. He pretended to conceal himself in order to weep, but took care to place himself in such a situation that he was sure Sigevart would see him.—What is the matter? said the latter. Ah! answered Kreutzner, I have just met with a family, in the most dreadful distress. There are six little children and a poor widow, who have not even bread to eat. I should have been glad to give them something; but alas! it is not in my power; I shall not receive any money this fortnight. The feeling and

compassionate Sigevart gave him two florins to carry to this unhappy family. Kreutzner thanked him, shedding hypocritical tears; he praised his humanity, and laid out the two florins in sweetmeats. Such was the power which an air of virtue and probity had over the mind of Sigevart. Alas! how often does it happen, that this treacherous outside, is a lure which entices the good into the snares of the wicked! Sigevart grew more and more attached to Kreutzner, and at length gave him all his confidence. He told him all his family affairs, and made him read all his letters. Kreutzner even wrote a letter full of compliments to Sigevart's sister. She gave him a short and very cold answer, and wrote the following letter to her brother.

MY DEAR BROTHER.—Read this alone, and do not shew it to any one. I am delighted that you are happy at college, and that you have found some agreeable acquaintance. From

what you say of Mr. Kreutzner, it should seem that he is a very worthy young man. But give me leave to say, my dear brother, his letter does not please me at all. He says so frequently, that I am amiable, pretty, and such stuff. I should be glad to ask him where he learned it. I am sure you have never told him any thing of the kind. He is therefore either in jest, or he is laughing at a poor country girl whom he does not know ; and to try to fill her head with such nonsense, is certainly very wrong. But I assure you he will not dazzle me with his compliments. I know very well, and certainly better than Mr. Kreutzner, where I am deficient. Forgive me, my dear brother, if the style of my letter, be not exactly what you would wish. You know I always speak as I think. What you say of father Philip and the young Kronhelm gives me much more pleasure. This young man seems to have an excellent heart ; yet it appears that

you do not much frequent his society. Why is this? Our father, thank God, is very well, and desires to be remembered to you; your brothers the same. Salome will soon come back from Munich. Then my troubles will begin afresh; but with patience one may get through any thing. Since you left us, I have been twice to Windenheim. The good curate made me walk again all over his garden. He sends you a thousand compliments. I must leave off now, for I have something to do. Adieu, my dear brother, write soon, and believe me your sincere friend and sister.

THERESA SIGEVART.

Sigevart was at first much struck on reading this letter; then he thought his sister saw things in too unfavourable a light, and soon forgot her cautions. Kreutzner continued to gain still more of his confidence, always affecting an outside of modesty and piety. Sigevart having been confined for some days to his

room by illness, he never quitted him for a moment. The grateful soul of the young man was sensible to this kindness. His friend however under different pretences, borrowed money of him every day; he always promised to return it, but afterwards won it of him in wagers; or selling him bad books at a great price; so that Sigevart was soon without money. Father Philip had no great opinion of Kreutzner; he perceived clearly that he estranged Sigevart from him. One day when he was walking out with him and Kronhelm; he said to him; my dear Sigevart, Kronhelm and I hardly ever see you now!—'Tis true Sir, answered Sigevart, I am almost always with Kreutzner;—It is very well, replied the father; Kreutzner is a young man, whom I would not *directly* accuse of being vicious; but there is something in his countenance, and behaviour, which does not at all please me. I know not how it is, but he always

smiles with such complacency when he is spoken to; and when you look stedfastly at him, he casts down his eyes as if his conscience were bad. Then he has such an affected, overstrained politeness. I dislike such people. They always have their own private reasons for acting this part. People who think as they ought, go straight on, and speak their minds freely. I do not say one should be rude: there is a middle point between rudeness, and unmeaning politeness. Do not you Kronhelm, think of Kreutzner as I do?—To speak sincerely, said Kronhelm, I am as little pleased with him as you. There is something artful and mean in his disposition. He never seems really amused when he is with us, or he amuses himself at the expence of others. The other day as we were walking, a poor boy asked us for charity; not having any money about us, we were unable to assist him. Kreutzner began to play tricks

with him; saying every moment, I'll give you something when we have got to that tree; and then after having plagued him for a quarter of an hour, by running from one tree to another, snatched his hat out of his hands and threw it into the mud, and made the poor child cry. His behaviour vexed me, and I reproached him for it, but he laughed in my face.—That is exactly like him, said Philip. I should advise you Sigevart, out of friendship for you, not to connect yourself too closely with this young man. You may possibly repent when it will be too late. You perhaps can see nothing amiss in him; but take care; appearances are often deceitful. I should be glad if you were not to sleep any longer in the same room; but it cannot be avoided; all the others are occupied. Xavier profited by this advice: he grew more reserved with Kreutzner, and was more frequently in the company of father Philip and Kronhelm, whose

society was of infinitely more service to him than that of Kreutzner. Father Philip also taught him to draw, and he made considerable progress in music. Kronhelm played very well on the violin; and every evening, when Sigevart was with him, he played some tender air, or some plaintive adagio. This gave Sigevart a taste for that instrument; he asked one of the younger fathers to teach him, and made such progress, that in a short time he was able to accompany Kronhelm. His teacher having observed that he had a good voice, instructed him in singing. In three months he was astonishingly advanced; he owed this in a great degree to the natural tenderness of his heart, which spontaneously gave to every tone the necessary expression. Kreutzner having perceived the sudden alteration in Sigevart's behaviour to him, considered how he should bring him back. His penetration soon convinced him that the alteration had been occasioned by father Philip and Kronhelm;

he began therefore by inspiring him with a distrust for them. Did you observe, said he one day to him, the behaviour of father Philip and Kronhelm during dinner?—No, answered Sigevart: but why do you ask?—

KREUTZNER. You did not then perceive how they looked at each other and laughed, and what game they made of you, when you were speaking of the curate of Windenheim?—

SIGEVART. Not the least in the world.—KREUTZNER. Well, I will tell you, provided you promise not to speak to them about it. I love you too well to conceal any thing from you. Yes, my dear Sigevart, indeed they made game of you. I have observed more than an hundred times, that as soon as you open your mouth, they nudge each other, and look at you at the same time, as if they thought you were saying the finest things in the world; but the moment your head is turned, they make signs to each other and laugh.—SIGEVART. Most assuredly you are mistaken; it is not

possible they should do thus.—
KREUTZNER. Oh, I assure you I have seen enough of it, and heard too, which is more. Yesterday as I was going by father Philip's door, I heard violent bursts of laughter. I had a mind to know what it meant; so I listened at the door. Your name was mentioned; and they spoke so ill of you, that I was tempted to break in upon them, and put an end to their discourse. Kronhelm was scraping most vilely on the violin: that's the way Sigevart plays, says he; and they both burst out into a violent fit of laughter.—And how does he sing? exclaimed father Philip: then Kronhelm began to scream out an air that stunned my ears, and they laughed still louder than before. Sigevart blushed, and felt hurt. Kreutzner perceived it, and continued: Believe me, my dear Xavier, they do not like you. They have already treated many scholars in the same manner. Father Philip caresses the young people, in order to get presents from their pa-

rents. How else should he come by so many books? Those who give him nothing, are not his friends, and this is the reason he cannot bear me. Kronhelm keeps on good terms with you only because you help him to scrape on the violin. He does not love you, I'll answer for it. Only ask who his father is; you will see to what kind of a man he belongs. Every body in the country knows him: most certainly he cannot have given his son a good education. If he has taught him any thing, it is to be a libertine. You are obliged, I think, to leave him at eight o'clock? He makes you believe that he wishes to study. Yes, yes, he does study; 'tis with the girls though. You are no sooner gone than he leaves the college, and father Philip connives at it. You see how pale he looks. This is owing to the dissolute life he leads. They cannot endure any of the scholars; and I'll answer for it they have been telling you a parcel of stories about me, for 'tis the way they serve every body. I

have long wished to warn you against them, for I love you sincerely, but I have never, till now, found an opportunity. Now you know all, you may do as you please. Ask all the scholars if I ever did them any harm. And have I not always loved you?—Sigevart was affected, and was for going immediately to Kronhelm; but Kreutzner prevented him, reproaching him that he was going to break his word, and betray him. Father Philip was, in fact, of a very cheerful temper, and loved to laugh. He seemed to be on very familiar terms with Kronhelm, and that was sufficient to confirm what Kreutzner had said, in the mind of the credulous Sigevart. He had also heard that Kronhelm's father was a man of bad character, and it was true that his complexion was pale. What Kreutzner had said therefore, wore the appearance of probability. The wounded pride of Sigevart, the false caresses of the crafty Kreutzner, the professions of friendship, accompanied with tears,

which he lavished on him, completed his conviction, and he gradually withdrew all his confidence from father Philip and Kronhelm. The next day, having called on father Philip, the latter requested him, for this once, to leave him alone, as he had something particular to say to Kronhelm. This reserve augmented his suspicions, and mistrust. Kreutzner took care to cherish them. One day the father having received a box of books, Do you see, said he, 'tis a present from some poor father, who begs father Philip's protection for his son. It happened about the same time that Kreutzner received some money from home, and paid Sigevart part of his debt, which cleared him from the imputation of bad faith. All these things, and a thousand others of the same kind, alienated Sigevart from father Philip and Kronhelm : he saw them seldom, and when he did treated them with reserve. They perceived it, and also withdrew from him much of their confidence, so that in a little

time they scarcely saw each other at all. They secretly lamented his credulity and imprudence, hoping that his errors would not long continue, and that he might be undeceived without any detriment to himself. The company of Kreutzner insensibly lessened Sigevart's application to his studies, and he did not perceive it himself. They frequently diverted themselves at the expence of their masters and companions. They devised all sorts of means to surprise the good nature of their superiors, and obtain of them leave to go out. When they had obtained it, they went out of the city to an alehouse, where they played at bowls, with other idle young men. Kreutzner tried all he could to get Sigevart to go out at night; but he was not yet sufficiently corrupted to consent. One day, having no money, they sold some of their books. Kronhelm, afflicted at this conduct, wrote an anonymous letter to Sigevart, in which, in a very affecting manner, he bid him beware

of Kreutzner. It was of no avail. He shewed it to Kreutzner, and having laughed heartily together over it, they burnt it. He suspected Kronhelm to be the author of it, and this suspicion doubled his hatred against him. One evening Kreutzner said to Sigevart, Xavier I must go out to-night. There is a young man of my acquaintance in the town who is ill, and I have promised to sit up with him to-night. It is a friendly office which I cannot refuse to perform: Don't be uneasy for me. I have settled matters with the porter, who will let me in to-morrow morning, without being perceived. For a whole week he thus went out every night under the pretext of his friend's illness, and spent his time with libertines like himself. At length some of the fathers observed his absence, and informed the Superior. They went one night into his room, where they found only Sigevart, who confessed every thing, and endeavoured to justify his companion, assuring

them that it was a good motive which had induced him to go out: but he was so uneasy about what would be done to his friend, that he did not close his eyes the remainder of the night. The next day Kreutzner, upon his return, was confined in a separate room. At first he prevaricated and tried to throw part of the blame on Sigevart. But by examining him strictly, and threatening him with closer confinement, they, at length, made him confess the whole, where he had been, and what he had been doing. By the laws of the college he ought to have been expelled; to which he was accordingly sentenced, and two servants were sent into his room, to pack up his things: but the hypocrite began to beg pardon, and employed all means to soften the governors. He threw himself at their feet, wept bitterly, and said that he would not rise till he had obtained forgiveness; and that the happiness or misery of his whole life depended on their decision. Inflict, said he,

what punishment you please, I will endure it with patience; but do not send me away, I conjure you. If my father learns what has happened, he will kill me; for God's sake rescue me from despair and death. The fathers looked at each other; tears flowed from their eyes, and compassion prevailed. Rise, said the father Superior; we will forgive you this once, but if ever we have any thing of the kind again, you will hope in vain for pardon. We cannot suffer all your companions to be corrupted by you. You shall stay, and in half an hour you shall be informed what penance is imposed on you; for a fault of this nature must not go wholly unpunished. Rise and return thanks to these gentlemen. Kreutzner arose; he went to each of the fathers to kiss his hand, and was thanking them with warmth, when the two servants who had been sent into his room entered with ten or a dozen books. Here are some books, said they, which we have found stuffed

into the mattrass of his bed. Perhaps they belong to young Sigevart, for they are marked with an S. Kreutzner turned as pale as death. I think those books belong to me, said father Philip; yes, continued he, looking at the title, they are indeed mine. Pray Mr. Kreutzner how did they come into your possession? Kreutzner was motionless, and made no answer. Ah, cried the father Superior, I understand. We have a thief in the house. Let him be shut up by himself till we have decided on his fate. Away with him! The servants led him off, and the fathers deliberated on his punishment. It was unanimously determined to keep him in confinement till they had informed his father, who would probably either shut him up, or send him into the army. Sigevart's turn came next. As he had not been long in the house, they resolved to treat him with mildness, and to remonstrate with him, that he might be more prudent for the future. They did not even chuse to

reprove him before the whole society, but father John engaged to send for him to his own room, which he immediately did, and spoke to him in the mildest and most soothing manner. Sigevart was more affected by this treatment, than he would have been by a severer punishment, and begged pardon with tears. He could not recover from his surprise at the conduct of Kreutzner. His heart was too good to imagine it possible for a man to carry wickedness so far. During dinner he did not dare to raise his eyes: he was particularly fearful of catching a look from father Philip or Kronhelm, who observed him with compassion, and clearly saw the repentance that filled his soul. He passed the evening alone in his room, plunged in the deepest affliction. His heart made him a thousand reproaches, particularly for having neglected father Philip and Kronhelm, and given up their friendship for that of one so unworthy. The more he thought of his fault, the greater it appeared.

Whatever idea he had of their character, he could not conceive that they had sufficient goodness to forgive him, and still think him worthy of their friendship. He walked sorrowfully up and down his room, placed himself at the window, and viewed with indifference the delightful banks of the Danube. Sometimes he took up his violin, and attempted to play. He could produce only deep and mournful tones, and threw the instrument aside. At length some one knocked at his door, and Kronhelm entered. Sigevart rose in confusion, attempted to speak, and could not utter a syllable. Xavier, said Kronhelm, do I interrupt you? Tell me if I do; I will come another time. Have you any thing to do?—SIGEVART. No.... I....I have nothing to do....Sit down... I did not know you would come.... Every thing is in disorder here.... You'll excuse!—KRONHELM. Xavier, you are very ceremonious. Do not treat me so coldly. Are we not friends?—SIGEVART. Yes, if you

please.—KRONHELM. If I please, my dear Sigevart? Look at me; you know my sentiments: let us forget what's past: embrace me: God knows if I love you! (*they embraced.*) O my dear Xavier, it is a long time since we have talked together. Do you love me still?—SIGEVART. O Kronhelm, I cannot....let me.... I do not deserve....let me weep. How could I have imagined you would come here, to shew me so much kindness. Oh my friend, you are more like an angel than a man; I dare not look at you; your goodness overwhelms me.—KRONHELM. I beg you, my dear Sigevart, compose yourself. I have done no more than I ought. You know not how I love you! if I could prove it! You have kept company for some time with Kreutzner; but it is over; we will speak no more of it. We are friends! father Philip and I, have always loved you, and shall continue to do so.—SIGEVART. Father Philip too! does he pardon me? Is it indeed true Kron-

helm? Do you not deceive me? Does he still love me? Have I not long been banished from his heart?—

KRONHELM. No, my dear Sigevart; he loves you as much as ever.—SI-

GEVART. What a happiness for me!

Ah Kronhelm! I should never have believed it. Since you forgive me, God will forgive me also. I thank you a thousand times, my dear friend, for your kindness to me. I can assure you my heart is not entirely corrupted. I have never been really wicked, though I have acted as if I were. If you pardon me, all is repaired. Kronhelm embraced him with tears, and pressed him to his bosom. There is not perhaps a more affecting sight, than the reconciliation of two real friends. If heaven rejoices in the conversion of a sinner, it must also rejoice when two souls worthy of each other, are reunited after a temporary separation. The ties of friendship, resemble then, the ties of love; and two hearts, which have been alienated for a time, become

united more strongly than ever. Sigevart gave him back all his confidence; he vowed an eternal friendship for him, and promised him to discover to him, the inmost recesses of his soul. They remained together till the evening. They played a duett on their violins, and the soothing harmony of their tones, was an agreeable counterpart of the union of their hearts. As soon as Kronhelm had left the room, Sigevart fell upon his knees, and thanked God for having preserved him such a friend. The next day father Philip also came to see him. The wounds of his heart were still fresh; but they were soon healed by the balm of friendship. Sigevart was now always with them; he profited by the wisdom and knowledge of the good father, and the elevated sentiments of his young friend. They enjoyed together, all the pleasures of nature and of life, and the idea of sharing them with each other gave them a double relish. The character of Sigevart, became more

formed. In the company of Philip he gained a variety of useful knowledge. The good father lent him books, and instructed him how to read with advantage. Kronhelm spoke little; but what he said proceeded from reason and reflection. He had the most refined sensibility to all that was great and good. He was always the same; and when he had once given his friendship to any one, it was impossible to shake it. But he was always careful in his choice, and had never placed it on an unworthy object. He never made any protestations of friendship, or offers of service, but when any of his friends were in distress, rendered them assistance without boasting beforehand what he would do. Kreutzner had been confined a fortnight, when he was delivered to his father, who put him into a regiment of hussars. Before he went away he asked to speak with Sigevart, who refused to see him; but being informed he was ill, and in want of every thing, sent him some

money. Sigevert then wrote to Theresa, whom he had neglected while he was intimate with Kreutzner. He affectionately asked her pardon for his long silence; explained the reason of it, and acquainted her with the fate of Kreutzner. His letter was full of the praises of father Philip and Kronhelm. A few days after, Theresa wrote him the following answer.

MY DEAREST BROTHER.—A thousand times have I returned thanks to heaven for having entirely rid you of Kreutzner. I cannot tell why, but, though I scarcely knew any thing of him, I could not bear him. But your father Philip and Mr. Kronhelm are excellent people, whom I esteem with my whole heart. You may tell them so if you please; for I should not be sorry they should know it. Take care, my dear brother, not to lose their affection again by your own fault; and do not suffer yourself to be seduced by any other. Think what misfortunes Kreutzner might have occasioned you. Our father will

write to you on this subject. Salomé has been returned this month. She says that, next autumn, she shall go to live at Munich for good. I shall not oppose it, for I see clearly that she cannot bear me, nor indeed any one who resides in the country. Charles wants to marry the daughter of the bailiff of Dollingen. I do not know if you remember her. She came to see us three years ago. I am not sufficiently acquainted with her to give you my opinion of her; all I know is, that she is rich and covetous. I rather think I did not much please her when she visited us. Charles, I fancy, reckons her money for something. But according to my little understanding, it appears to me, money does not constitute the sole happiness of marriage. If I were a man, and had a mind to marry, I should chuse a woman who would be always cheerful, and not murmur at every penny she was obliged to spend. But this is no concern of mine. His father would make him

change his opinion, if it were possible. Do you know that there are at Burgau, some Prussian officers, who have been taken prisoners by the imperial army. They have been several times to see us. But there is one in particular with whom I am greatly pleased. He often comes. His name is captain Northerm. I assure you, brother, he is a very good man; and does not at all answer the ideas usually given us of heretics. I like to hear him talk of war and of his king. He cannot find words strong enough to express the miseries of the peasants, in countries that are the seat of war; or the sufferings that are endured in the field of battle and the hospitals. The relation often fills his eyes with tears. If I were the king or the emperor, I would promote peace as far as depended upon me. He also relates to us many noble actions of the king of Prussia, more a great deal than we dare mention here. But, above all things, I love to hear him talk about his wife. He cer-

tainly loves her tenderly, for he is always very much affected when he speaks of her. He says that she resembles me; but I see it is only because he observes that it gives me pleasure. He is very fond of books; and being told that I read a great deal, he brought me a few days after three books. One is *Gellert's Fables*. 'Tis a pleasure to read this book; every thing is so natural, and has such an enchanting simplicity. The second is in a stile something more elevated: 'tis the *Satires of Rabener*. The third I am told is much more difficult to understand; the captain praises it to the skies, and calls it the book of books. The name of it is the *Messiah*: it is written in verse, but such verse as I have never seen before. I have forgotten the author's name. As this book is so difficult, and at the same time very fine, I shall not begin it till winter. I shall have more time to read it with attention; I like to read serious things, but I can't bear to be interrupted. The captain is so good

as to let me keep it as long as I please. Sometimes he reads passages of it to me; and does it with so much expression, that they appear to me much more beautiful, than when I read them alone. I have written you a long letter, my dear brother; but 'tis because I love you dearly, and take pleasure in telling you all the little things that happen to me. The captain knows that I love you, and desires me to send you his compliments. You are wrong, he says, to think of being a monk: according to him you would do much better to go into the service of the king of Prussia. Adieu dear Xavier; let me hear from you soon. Give my compliments to father Philip and Mr. Kronhelm, and believe me, Your ever affectionate sister,

THERESA SIGEVART.

As soon as Sigevart had read this letter, he ran to Kronhelm's room to shew it to him. Kronhelm was touched with the simplicity of the young Theresa, and spent the whole evening in conversing with his friend

about his amiable sister. Sigevart spoke with so much warmth, so much energy, sincerity, and tenderness, that the soul of Kronhelm was absorbed in attending to him. He listened to every thing with avidity; and was interested in the minutest trifles. He intreated Sigevart to assure her of his entire esteem. Xavier, said he at length, how I pity you for renouncing the pleasures of the conjugal tie. I believe there is no happiness in the world to be compared to that of two people who love each other! Alas! I never saw any traces of this happiness under the paternal roof. You paint in such glowing colours the perfections of your sister; you know so well the charms and the virtues of the fair sex; you know so well how to esteem and to feel them; that I should be alarmed for you, if you should ever meet in the world, with a woman like your sister. Believe me, my dear Sigevart, there is no torment in the world so great, none that sooner destroys the princi-

ples of life, than to have a feeling heart, and be obliged not to love. Your heart is so sensible to every impression; it attaches itself so ardently to what is good! Oh Sigevart! love is also a good! Every one feels its power, and the good are sometimes those who feel it most. Take care my friend! choose rather a profession where the heart is under less restraint! What would become of you if you should love, when love would be a crime? if you should meet a woman who you felt was capable of making you happy, and whom you would be obliged to quit, to bury yourself in the eternal solitude of your cloister? SIGEVART. You see every thing on the dark side Kronhelm. In the convent I have more sublime duties to fulfil. These duties will separate me from the world. Love makes no impression on my heart. I love my sister; but all other women are indifferent to me. I think, as you do, that a well assorted marriage is a great happi-

ness, and I have seen an instance of it at home, during my mother's lifetime. But there are many sorts of happiness on earth, and every one seeks it his own way. You seemed so melancholy the other day when you spoke of your father; did not he love your mother?—KRONHELM. Ah, Sigevart! you touch on a subject which I do not like to converse about. But I can conceal nothing from you. My father....it pains me to say so....my father is a man whom I should be very sorry to resemble. My mother, with whom he became acquainted while he was in the imperial army on the Rhine, married him at the age of seventeen. She was not rich; and wearied with the bustle of her father's house, which was always full of company. As my father was very fond of her, she hoped to be able to make him more steady than he had been, and followed him to his estate in Bavaria. At first all went on charmingly. My father loved the country, and his wife, and

for her sake, gave up almost all his bad habits. But in a few years some of his old comrades came to settle in our neighbourhood. They made continual visits to my father, and then he returned to his old course of life. He gamed, drank, swore, hunted, came home at midnight with three or four companions, so that our chateau resembled an inn more than the dwelling of a gentleman. My mother, who was mildness itself, suffered in silence, till my father brought to the chateau, a girl of mean origin, who lives there still, and whom he had been acquainted with when in the army. He entrusted her with the care of all his household affairs, which she managed as was most profitable to herself. He placed her at his table, where she behaved in so indecent a manner, that my mother was frequently obliged to retire. Cunegonde, (*for that is her name*) made it her study to vex my mother, treated her with the greatest insolence, and behaved to my two sisters, my

brother, and myself, in the most cruel manner. My mother, who was not deficient in resolution, could no longer endure this conduct. She demanded permission to retire with us, to a chateau of her own. My father, who in concert with Cune-gonde, had long been endeavouring to drive her to this, joyfully consented. We departed therefore, with our mother, to Wisdorf, where she spent all her time in giving us a good education, for which I shall be eternally grateful to her. Incessantly occupied herself with the formation of our hearts, she entrusted the cultivation of our understandings to a man truly worthy of the confidence reposed in him. Mr. Friedman remained in our house ten years. A father could not have taken more care of us. All his time, all his talents, were consecrated to us. His knowledge was various and extensive. My mother had a great regard for him, and consulted him in every thing relating to us. Three years

ago, when she was on her death bed, he was always with her. As she was expiring, she looked at him with an air of gratitude, and said she hoped to see him again in heaven. I cannot relate to you, my dear Sigevart, all the circumstances of her death; the recital would be too much for me. After her death I went to live with my uncle Kronhelm, who is a privy counsellor at the court of Munich, whom I left two years ago to come here. My brother went to court, where he still remains. My eldest sister went also to Munich to my uncle's, where she has had the good fortune to marry a worthy man. The youngest went back to my father's. I pity this poor girl extremely, for she has been well brought up; but the dissipated life my father leads has perhaps much changed her. My uncle procured Mr. Friedman a good place. Such, my dear Xavier, was the fate of a mother, who will always be dear to me. I beg you never to report what I have said of my father:

you are the only person on earth to whom I have entrusted it.—SIGEVART. Be easy, my dear Kronhelm. I thank you for the confidence you have reposed in me. I am sensibly affected by what you have told me. My late mother resembled yours, except in her misfortunes, for, thank God! my father is as excellent a man as possible. He loved my mother better than himself. But what are you intended for, my dear Kronhelm? Will you return to your father, after completing your studies?—KRONHELM. I scarcely know yet myself. It is probable I shall spend my life in the country. As the eldest of the family, I shall have the estates, which are indeed a little encumbered. In two years, I am to go, as you know, to study at the university of Ingolstadt. As he said this, father Philip came into the room to ask the two young men to walk with him on the banks of the Danube. Climbing an eminence covered with oaks and firs, they found the view so beautiful, that

they sat down to contemplate it. Father Philip took out his pencil to sketch the landscape. Before them the green waters of the Danube flowed calmly and majestically along, except where their course was here and there interrupted by the rocks which rose above their surface. The banks on the other side of the river, were covered with sand, on which grew a few straggling willows under whose shade the cows advanced slowly to the river to drink. On the nearer side, green meadows extended to the water's edge, where some boys were sitting, and undressing themselves for the purpose of bathing. Sigevart and Kronhelm went to a little distance from father Philip that they might not disturb him. At first they admired the charming variety of the fine landscape before them; then they read one of Virgil's Eclogues. On a sudden they heard a loud scream on the side of the Danube. They let fall the book, and ran precipitately down the side of the mountain, and

as it was very steep, sometimes tumbled one over the other. When they reached the banks of the river, Sigewart perceived that the scream came from one of the boys who had been bathing, and who, having proceeded till he was out of his depth, was on the point of being drowned. He threw himself, dressed as he was, into the river, and swam to his assistance. Kronhelm, who came up after him, would have followed, but was stopped by father Philip, because in his haste he had fallen down, and wounded his face. Sigewart brought the boy out of the water, half dead with terror. At this moment one of his companions came up with his mother. Where is he, cried she, pale and out of breath? Not seeing those who were standing on the bank, she was going to throw herself into the water, when father Philip held her back, telling her, that her son was saved.—Saved!....she looked eagerly round, and seeing him on the grass, flew to him, and clasped him to her bosom.

O my God!....O my dear child! I see thee once more! And what angel from heaven has saved my dear Joseph?—I cannot tell mother—'Tis to this young man you are obliged, said father Philip, shewing Sigevart. —How? to *that* young gentleman? A thousand thanks to you, my dear Sir, for saving my poor boy. Oh, if I had lost him! God reward you Sir, and load you with benedictions. I will pray for you night and day: alas! 'tis all such a poor woman as I can do. When father Philip and his two friends were going away, she kissed the hand of Sigevart; he gave her a florin; father Philip and Kronhelm did the same. The poor woman was overpowered by their kindness; she threw herself on her knees, thanked them a thousand times, and when they had already got to some distance from her, made the boy run after them to kiss their hands once more. But Kronhelm, said Sigevart, what is the matter with your face? It is all covered with blood.—Oh

nothing : I fell as I was running down the mountain, to assist the little boy. Surely you were not going to throw yourself into the river ? I thought you could not swim.—I learned at Wisdorf. But you are dripping wet, my dear Sigevart ; I hope you will not catch cold.—No, the pleasure of saving this poor child, prevents my feeling the cold. I confess I am much gratified at having preserved him. He clung so close to me, and was so heavy, that I thought we should both have been drowned together. I am really fatigued.—I can easily conceive that, interrupted father Philip ; the mere alarm has had the same effect upon me. But we will rest ourselves well after it. Such a day as this is a holiday for us ; we will drink a bottle of good wine, and to-morrow, my dear Sigevart, when I finish my landscape, I will put in the good action you have just performed. I will also make copies of it, and we will each of us have one, as a perpetual monument of what has happened. They

reached the college, and spent the evening in amusing themselves. Siggevar't's heart overflowed with pleasure; and during the whole night, the affecting scenes of the preceding day were recalled in his dreams. A few days after Kronhelm and he agreed to ask leave to be in the same room, which was easily granted, and Kronhelm established himself in Siggevar't's apartment, which had a finer prospect than his own. Towards autumn, Kronhelm received the following letter from his father.

SON, I give you notice you must come to see me. 'Tis the devil of a while since I have seen you. Hunting goes on charmingly; we have plenty of stags, and hares by the thousand. Come; you will have enough to amuse you. You are a good marksman of course; or else do you see, you are only a block-head. You may bring, if you please, one or two of your companions. We have plenty to eat, and get drunk every day. But be sure you come

at the holidays. Write to me, some time before, to say how many horses you will want ; and when I may expect you. I am, as usual, your father.

VEIT DE KRONHELM.

Kronhelm would have been willing to excuse himself from this visit, but his father, he knew, would be obeyed.—You will accompany me, said he to Sigevart. I know that you will not pass your time very agreeably, at my father's, but it will be a great satisfaction to me. I cannot tell how to do without you ; so you will come, will you not ? certainly answered Sigevart, I will go wherever you please ; you had no need to ask me, for I can as little do without you, as you without me. Kronhelm then wrote word to his father, that he should set off at the end of September, with one of his friends, to spend the holidays at the chateau. Kronhelm was at this time very busy. It was the custom of the college to have a play performed every year, at this time, and he had

a principal part. Xavier had no part because he had not been long enough in the college, but he played in the orchestra, and accompanied a young man who sung an air, with so much taste, that the audience forgot the voice, though a very good one, to applaud the instrument.— Two days after this, Mr. Veit sent his servant with three horses, for his son and Sigevart. They took their Virgils and some other favorite books. James, the servant, was a man who frequently served Mr. Veit for a companion, for he was perfectly acquainted with hunting, and had actually brought with him half a dozen dogs of different kinds. Mr. Veit's chateau, was about six leagues from the city. It was called Steinfeld. James observed the country with the eye of a hunter. When he saw a thick wood, he regretted that it did not belong to his master. As they were passing through a forest of oaks, they heard a gun fire, and Sigevart and Kronhelm

turning round saw James, who had fired, ride into the wood, followed by all his dogs. They were at a loss to know what was the matter, till, after waiting for him some time, they heard a great noise in the wood, and, going towards the place where he had entered, saw that he had dismounted, to dress a stag which he had just killed. The gamekeeper of the gentleman, to whom the forest belonged, had come up, on hearing the report of the piece, and insisted on James's delivering it up to him. James refused, and they were disputing warmly. What's the matter James, cried Kronhelm?—The matter is Sir, that that fellow wants to take away this stag, which belongs to me, because I killed it; and is trying to take away my gun too. Does he take me for a poacher, to come upon me in this manner. Ask this young gentleman, if I am not the servant of a worthy baron, and a hunter too, and as good a hunter as you, be you who you may.—

THE KEEPER. I don't care a straw for all that. The wood belongs to my master. Let every one sport on his own ground. Give me up your gun, I say once more, or you shall see—Is he not a fellow that deserves to be hanged?—KRONHELM. Softly my friend! this servant belongs to me, and I am the son of the baron de Kronhelm. (Here the keeper took off his hat.) I by no means approve his killing the stag. Take it away, and here is something to make up for any injury that may have been done you. Really James, I do not understand this extravagant conduct. James mounted his horse, looking very cross at the gamekeeper.—Who is your master my good friend? does he live in this part of the country?—THE KEEPER. Yes Sir, the name of my master is M. de Felsberg.—KRONHELM. That is sufficient; my father and he are intimate friends. Give my compliments to him, and tell him I beg he will excuse my servant's rashness.

My father also will take an opportunity of making him an apology. Farewell. They left the wood and continued their journey. James was silent, and looked very sulky. At length he said: with your permission Sir, I could not let that stag pass under my nose without shooting it; it was such a fine one. I could beat myself, when I think of it. To prevent a man like me from shooting, who belong to a gentleman, who has not his equal in all the country; no it is not right.— You are unreasonable James, said Kronhelm; do you think you are in my father's wood, and at liberty to shoot and kill all that you see? if that man had come to hunt in our forest, what would you have said. James gave up the point; but still kept muttering all the way he went. Two hours after, they arrived at Steinfeld. They were not above fifty yards from the chateau, when a parcel of dogs, of all kinds, came out to meet them, bark-

ing in so terrible a manner that even James was roused, and began calling out to them with all his might. What a quantity of dogs, exclaimed Sigevart. Oh! this is nothing, returned Kronhelm, to what you will see in the court yard, and the stables. When they entered the court, all was quiet, and no one came to meet them. At length Charlotte, Kronhelm's youngest sister, ran up to him, exclaiming: so here you are, my dear brother, I declare I scarcely knew you again. You must set off again immediately, with this gentleman; (making a courtesy to Sigevart) you can only stop to eat a little soup—Where must we go? said Kronhelm. To join my father in the woods. One of the men discovered a wild boar yesterday, and they are gone to hunt it. But my father, before he set off, left word for you to follow him. Here are two guns and belts. The one inlaid with silver is for you, and the other for the gentleman, whose name I do not

know.—His name is Sigevart.—Well for Mr. Sigevart.—Come, make haste, eat your soup, and be gone. She skipped about the room, hummed a tune, and from time to time, took her brother by the hand. When they had eaten their soup, she would not let them rest a moment.—Come, come, said she, take your guns and away. She even came down with them, and took the horses out of the stable. When her brother mounted she gave his horse a cut with a switch, to make him kick, and then began to laugh heartily at him. Kronhelm and Sigevart departed with their servant to the wood. My sister has a little of the country manners about her, said Kronhelm; I must beg you to excuse her want of politeness. She was not thus when we were all together with my mother; but I feared she would be spoiled by living here. In a quarter of an hour they reached the wood. Mr. Veit, as soon as he perceived his son and Sigevart,

made a sign to them to dismount, and come near, and shewed them, but without speaking, where they should place themselves. He posted his son next him, but did not say a word to him, or even look at him. He was wholly intent on the boar, which had been wounded. At length it came out near Sigevart, who fired, and brought it to the ground. Veit flew like an arrow to dispatch the animal, and then run up to Sigevart, almost stifled him with his embraces, and exclaimed;—There's a brave fellow! you will become great man. Frederic, that is a noble lad you have brought me; God grant you may one day resemble him! Well, how are you? you are grown charmingly. So much the better: a hunter ought to be strong. Come, I'll order the beast to be taken away; and then we will go and join Miss Cunegonde, who has got the dinner ready for us, in the meadow. You may pay your respects to her. What a damn'd fine

boar! and it is that little chap that has killed it; I am almost angry he deprived me of such an opportunity. But my turn will come by and by.—Frederic, you look melancholy. Come, come, my friend, cheer up; hunting and sorrow never go together. I am never so well as in the woods: come, you shall drink some good brandy: that will enliven you; and you too my hearty one. He took Sigevart by the arm, and walked with him and his son towards the meadow. Stop, said he letting go his hold of Sigevart's arm, and aiming at a fox that was running on the side of the wood—I have not missed this time, said he; I have hit him on the head; but hang it, it is not a wild boar. At length they arrived at the place where his mistress was waiting.—Miss Cune-gonde, here's a fine fellow, who is much superior to many gentlemen of Bavaria. He has killed the boar, that we speared. Here is my son too. Frederic pay your respects

to Miss Cunegonde; she is my best friend. Come, bring us some wine. Hunting and war for ever! Here Michael, Stephen! why don't those fellows bring the horns? (he sings)

Now the proud antler'd stag lies stretch'd on the plain,
Let the echoing horn pour its heart cheering strain.

Miss Cunegonde, you must dance with Sigevart, he deserves that you should do him that honour. Sigevart was obliged to dance an allemande with her upon the grass. When he had finished, Mr. Veit danced one. As for my son, said he, he must wait. He must prove that he is my son, before he dances with Miss Cunegonde. When he can shoot well, with all my heart. As night was coming on they mounted their horses to return. On their way Mr. Veit took it into his head to call upon Mr. de Seilberg; whose chateau was about three quarters of a league from the road—It will not take us much out of our way, said

he, and I must tell him the pleasure we have had in hunting the wild boar. Hush! Frederic, what is that in the bush? Kronhelm fires and the beast falls.—The devil take you, cried Veit, (giving him a stroke with his cane across the shoulders) the fool has killed a she goat. What shall I do with such a blockhead? can't you see? a fine hunter you'll be! you are fit for nothing but a monk. Kronhelm was filled with indignation and did not speak. Sigevart and Cunegonde entreated the baron to forgive his son this fault. After much entreaty, he listened to reason, and promised to say nothing of it any more; for, said he, I should be ashamed of having such a son. As they approached the chateau of M. de Seilberg, they heard a great noise within, for there was company. Veit, without being announced, entered the hall, relates with eagerness that Sigevart has killed the boar, and presents him in triumph to four

or five gentlemen who were present, assuring them he is a young man of very great hopes. The company consisted of Mr. de Seilberg, an old Man of sixty-five, confined to his chair by the gout, of his son-in-law, M. de Striebel, formerly an officer of Hussars, about five and thirty years of age; the third was a M. Jobst, a gentleman, about nine and fifty; a poor devil who had neither house nor home, but lived sometimes with one gentleman, and sometimes with another. They made use of him for all sorts of purposes. He went about to deliver cards of invitation, sold their horses for them at fairs, or carried their guns, when they went out a shooting; in short did whatever he could to get something from those of his own rank; but for the world he would not have received assistance from a person who was not noble. The fourth was a young gentleman of three and twenty of the name of Silberling, who was chamberlain to the elector of Bavaria.

He had a good figure, and was elegantly dressed. He would not have mixed in the company of all these country gentlemen, if he had not had some views upon Miss Stellman, niece of baron Seilberg, with whom she had resided since her mother's death.—Well Frederic, said M. Veit, who is your friend? what is his father's name? he must be a man of consequence, by his son being such a good sportsman. Sigevart who understood him, answered;—my name is Sigevart; my father is bailiff of Dahlenberg! **JOBST.** You are not noble!—**SIGEVART.** No! **VEIT.** You are not noble? what! are you really nothing more than the son of a bailiff? zounds! who would have thought it? but I know how it is. Your mother has listened to some gentleman; nay do not blush; I'd rather it were so, than that you should be only the son of a miserable bailiff. Come, come, do not mind; I love you because you are a good shot.—**M. Jobst** rose and asked

baron Striebel in a whisper, whether they should desire Sigevart to retire because he was not noble. Striebel, who in general had more liberal ideas, than the rest of the company, answered,—that they could not refuse to admit him, as he had been brought by M. Veit. In the mean time Silberling followed Miss Stellman, who was gone into the garden, to pay his court to her. But she, who did not wish to remain alone with her soft admirer, soon came back with him. She took much more pleasure in the company of Sigevart and Kronhelm. She was particularly struck with the latter, and could scarcely keep her eyes off him. Silberling perceived it, and his uneasiness shewed the jealousy of his heart. Kronhelm, on his side, was much pleased with Regina, (this was Miss Stellman's name) but the impression she made upon him went not to his heart. When Regina heard the name of Sigevart, she said; five years ago,

when I was at the convent at Munich, I had a friend called Theresa Sigevart; was she any relation of yours?—Yes Madam, answered Sigevart, she is my sister. Regina was charmed at seeing the brother of her old friend; at the first sight Sigevart's features had struck her, and she now perceived that he was very like Theresa. She is a very amiable young woman, Mr. Kronhelm, she continued; I wish you had seen her, for I am sure you would think so. When you see her, or write to her again, Mr. Sigevart, I beg you will remember me to her. She will recollect me immediately. In the mean time the noise at table increased, for the gentlemen, particularly Striebel and Silberling, had made pretty free with the bottle. The conversation turned upon hunting. Sigevart spoke on this subject with so much knowledge, and precision, that they were all astonished. Veit rose up precipitately, and exclaimed; I'll be cursed

if you want any thing, except to be of noble birth. You are worth your weight in gold. My fool of a son will never be good for any thing; as he has proved to-day, but st! that's not to be mentioned. See how he stands there like a statue, and does not say a word, when we are speaking of affairs of consequence. When he comes to my estate, the wild boars will be running about in the court yard, and the stags in the dining room. When M. Jobst saw the esteem that M. Veit had for Sigevart he honored him with his notice, for he was so frequent a guest of the baron, that without him he would scarcely have been able to live. Regina was vexed at the manner in which Kronhelm was treated by his father. She was already much pleased with him, and the patience, with which he endured what was said to him, completely gained her heart. Silberling was sufficiently clear sighted to observe all that passed, and looked very dis-

satisfied. He exerted all his efforts to attract Regina's attention; but in vain, her eyes and her heart were entirely fixed upon Kronhelm. At length Cunegonde, observed to M. Veit that it was time to go home. It was in fact nearly eleven o'clock. The company rose staggering, and Veit with his party, returned home. Being all much fatigued, when they arrived at Steinfeld, they went to bed immediately. Kronhelm and Sigevart, who slept in the same room, conversed a little before they went to sleep; and Kronhelm strove to excuse the extravagant conduct of his father. Why make excuses for him, interrupted Sigevart? I have seen many gentlemen like him, and I know how to accommodate myself to their manners. The next morning at six o'clock, they heard M. Veit making a great noise at their door. Hollo! you lazy fellows! do you lie a bed such a fine morning as this? I verily believe they are both asleep still. Come,

come, up with you, we must go after some partridges. They dressed themselves in haste, and found M. Veit ready to set off.—Bring us some brandy, cried he, 'tis the hunter's nectar. They set off, attended by two servants and three dogs; and killed a great number of quails and partridges. When they sprung a covey, they all fired, and Kronhelm and Sigevart killed several. This was sufficient to restore Kronhelm to his father's good graces. He called him his dear friend, his consolation, and promised never to mention the goat again. Oh! said he, I see now that the race of the Kronhelms will not be extinct. All my ancestors were famous sportsmen. I have still in my possession the portrait of my great great grandfather's great great grandfather, who is represented with a pointer by his side, and it is not for nothing that the crown over his arms, is placed between two stags horns. Soon after, Kronhelm killed a large

hare. This stroke drove his father beside himself for joy: he threw down his gun, leaped into the air, and ran up to his son to embrace him. As they were going home, Veit gave a proof of his bad disposition. A poor countrywoman walking along with two little children, one of the dogs ran after one of the children, who began to cry aloud for help. The poor woman drove the dog away. Veit, who perceived it, set all the dogs upon her and the children. Sigevart and Kronhelm ran up to her, to call off the dogs. As soon as the woman saw herself out of danger, maternal tenderness gave place to anger. She began to abuse Veit, exclaiming, is it thus you treat poor people? fy upon it! to attack poor helpless babies. Fine gentlemen truly! they take all we earn, and then come to tear poor innocent children to pieces. But God will punish you and torment you in the next world, as you have tormented us in this.

Veit in a transport of rage levelled his piece at her, but a servant caught hold of his arm behind, and made him miss his aim. Kronhelm and Sigevart also ran up to restrain him.—This is not right father, said Kronhelm.—How, you rascal, do you dare to oppose me? Sigevart bit his lips in silence. Veit seeing that he could not disengage himself from them, pretended to be appeased, and begged them to let him go. As soon as he was free, he called all the dogs, and set them again upon the woman.—Damn me, said he, if she shall not be put in prison for three weeks. All the entreaties of the two young men were unavailing. She was seized and dragged to prison, and her children stood crying at the gate. Kronhelm and Sigevart prevailed on him at length to forgive her a week. He condemned her to remain a fortnight, and to have only bread and water. After many internal struggles Sigevart at length resolved to solicit Veit's

mistress to intercede for her. She was for some time inexorable, for the pleasure of seeing a young man, begging a favour of her. Sigevart was hurt at being obliged to humble himself thus; but the idea of assisting oppressed innocence, suppressed all other considerations. At length Cunegonde yielded, and succeeded so far with Veit, that he consented to change the imprisonment for a fine of three florins, adding that she should remain in confinement till they should be paid. During dinner Veit was ill-humoured and spoke little. He recollected that Sigevart and his son had opposed him, and particularly that the latter had reproached him with the impropriety of his conduct. But Cunegonde took their part, and at length succeeded in appeasing him, and the wine, getting by degrees into his head, restored him to his usual cheerfulness.—What are you designed for, said he to Sigevart? To be chief hunter to some nobleman, I suppose.

No, replied Sigevart, I mean to be a capuchin.—A capuchin? a monk? Are you turned fool my dear Xavier? You are laughing I'm sure.—No indeed; nothing can be more serious; your son knows it very well.—Then you are one fool, and my son another. What the devil put such a scheme in your head! What can you propose by it?—To become a good man; to serve God, the church, and my fellow creatures.—Confound all such cant! Don't you know they are all hypocrites and impostors? I'll swear to you, there is not one of them good for any thing. I've seen something of them. They wanted to make me a monk, and sent me to those cheats the Jesuits at Augsbourg.—But I soon turned my back on all such gentry. If one were to let the priests alone, they would fleece us to the skin. How could you take such an extravagant resolution? To bury talents like yours in a nest of miserable capuchins! Do not you think as I do Frederic? For God's sake

talk to him.—Indeed, father, I think he would do much better not to be a monk; but at the same time a monk may be a good man.—'Tis false, I tell you. I cannot bear such rascals; hanging is too good for them. A hundred florins would not pay for the mischief they do me every year, by purchasing the game of the poachers. Yes, Sigevart, you have two great faults, the first is not being noble; the second intending to be a monk; I cannot tell which is the worst. The same evening Kronhelm went as privately as possible to the cottage of the poor woman, whom his father had put in prison, and gave her husband the three florins, which were wanted to release her; but he strictly enjoined him to keep it a profound secret, even from his wife, for fear, as he said, that it should come to the ears of his father. The poor man was at first alarmed, at seeing his young lord; but the kind manner of Kronhelm, soon calmed his fears; and he was on the point

of asking for his wife's release, when Kronhelm put the money in his hand. Gratitude stopped his speech; he stammered out some incoherent words, and kissed the hand of his benefactor. Oh my good sir! it is too much: I dare not accept it. If it were in my power by any service—but God will reward you.—Come Marianne, kiss the gentleman's hand: Come Peter, don't be afraid; he won't hurt you.—Marianne quite ashamed, came forward on tiptoe, and took hold of Kronhelm's hand, wiping her eyes with her apron. He gave her and her brother, a small piece of money, and left the house, wiping away the tears, which he in vain tried to check.—After supper, when the two friends were retired to their own room, Sigevart said, I have been thinking Kronhelm, all day of that poor woman; we must absolutely release her: here are three florins which I have wrapt up in paper: we have only to contrive how to send them.—My dear Sigevart, this is like

your good disposition; but do not be uneasy; I have been informed, that her husband is a man in easy circumstances; he will send the three florins to my father to-morrow; this evening it was too late. But come, let us take our violins. Suppose we play that sublime adagio of Schwindl.—Immediately they began to play in a tone so soft, so tender and so expressive, that it penetrated their very souls. They laid aside their instruments and retired to bed with their eyes still moist with delicious tears; but the deep impression which the piece they had been playing, had left upon their minds, prevented them for some time from going to sleep. They rose early, and hearing no one stirring in the chateau, took up their Virgil. In about an hour, the baron came in, hopping on his crutches, having been attacked during the night by a violent fit of the gout. What the devil have you there, he exclaimed? As I live, 'tis a book. To the devil with it! and at the same time he threw it

out of the window.—Excuse me, said Sigevart, it is a treatise upon hunting.—That's a different thing; if so I respect it; but after all, one learns best in the woods—Here Stephen, bring me that book that lies in the yard.—My damn'd gout has got such hold of me, that I cannot go out to-day, tho' the weather is so fine. But it shall not be said that we spent the day in idleness; I will shew you all my curiosities.—Upon this he led them into the great hall, the walls of which were entirely covered with old family portraits, and with the horns of stags, and other trophies of his victories. Every one of them had a long history belonging to it, which they were obliged to hear with patience. He afterwards shewed them his horses and dogs, giving them a minute account of their pedigrees, their atchievements, &c. &c.—In the afternoon they had a visit from M. de Seilberg, Baron Striebel, Silberling, Regina, and M. Jobst. The old gentlemen, soon began to

talk of their gout, and to curse this plague of their lives; hence they were led to the exploits of their youth, the detail of which became so edifying, that on a sign from Regina, Kronhelm and Sigevart left the room with her, to go into the garden. When they reached it, Regina took Kronhelm by the hand, and said, do not you think the charms of peaceful nature, which we enjoy here, infinitely superior to the noise and uproar we have just left? For my part I cannot express how much I am tired with living at my grandfather's. The presence of that tiresome Silberling has completed my dislike to it. He is hanging about me all day long, and I cannot get rid of him for a single moment. SIGEVART. May I ask if he has been long with you? REGINA. About a fortnight. God knows how much longer he will stay. KRONHELM. Would it not be too bold to ask, whether he has any views upon you?—REGINA. I do not know Mr. Kronhelm; all I can say is,

that I have none upon him. But, even if I did not dislike him so infinitely as I do, I should not easily determine to go to live in the city. The sweet tranquillity of the country has so many charms for me, that I scarcely can be said to exist, any where else. Figure to yourself Mr. Kronhelm, (for I know that you also love the country,) the delightful spectacle of two persons, who should love each other above every thing, and live here in peace, unknown to the rest of the world. For them alone, does the country clothe itself in all it's charms. The frivolity and scandal of the city reach not their obscure retreat. What are the feelings of this happy couple, in their solitary walks, when the birds vie with each other in filling their souls with the divine harmony of their strains; when they take together a frugal repast, composed of fruits reared by their own hands; when the lovely beams of the setting sun play through the leaves of their shady arbour, and

the flowers offer them the incense of their sweet perfumes! or when a divine emotion of tenderness, moistens their eyes with delicious tears? What do you think, Mr. Kronhelm, of such a couple?—KRONHELM. That they must be quite happy ma'am.—REGINA. Quite happy! Is that all? What coldness Mr. Kronhelm! Are you always thus? KRONHELM. I am always the same ma'am: not cold; but if you please to denominate coldness...—REGINA. But what is it then?—Come, tell me; should you not desire to be one of the persons, who composed this fortunate pair? — KRONHELM. Assuredly, ma'am.—REGINA. Assuredly! and all in such a tone of indifference. Your countenance, is certainly very obligingly deceitful: it announces so much sensibility; so much disposition to enthusiasm; and I so love enthusiasm!—KRONHELM. It is unhappy for me, if my countenance be deceitful; for I should be very sorry to displease you. REGINA. Dis-

please me! Where do you pick up such notions? Yet Kronhelm you might desire something more than barely not to displease me! Excuse me, I have said too much; but I am one of those who know nothing of art and finesse.—KRONHELM. Indeed ma'am, I do not understand you.

REGINA. You do not understand me! I am sorry, I cannot make myself intelligible. Pity my inability to explain myself. At these words, she walked away from the two friends, to conceal the tears which shame and vexation caused her to shed. Sigevart looked at Kronhelm with astonishment, who went to walk alone under some trees. Sigevart remained motionless, doubtful whether he ought to stay or retire. At length Regina came up to him and conversed with him about his sister and about the convent where they had got acquainted. It must be confessed, said she, that we are the most miserable beings in the creation. We are exposed on all sides; all we do is

interpreted to our disadvantage; and things which in men are excused over and over, are imputed to us as crimes! Sigevart knew not what to say, when Kronhelm joined them. Are you angry, Mr. Kronhelm, said Regina? Excuse me, I was just now rather hasty; 'tis a natural defect in me; my mother was the same. KRONHELM. You do not do yourself justice, Miss Stellman: why should I be angry?—REGINA. Well, let us speak no more of it. We misunderstood each other.—Do you stay long in the country? may I expect you will come any more to see me?—KRONHELM. We shall not remain here more than two days, ma'am; so that I know not whether I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again.—REGINA. So, not one visit! Very well sir; 'tis the second part of what passed just now. If you please, we will join the company, as I know my grandfather will chuse to go home early on account of his gout. The company soon broke up,

and the young men went to their own apartment. Kronhelm perceived by Sigevart's countenance that he had something on his mind. At length Sigevart said to him; really Kronhelm, your behaviour to Miss Stellman appears to me, extremely singular: I cannot account for the coldness you affected; especially at a time when she seemed nothing less than indifferent towards you.—KRONHELM. But suppose that was the very reason of my behaviour?—SIGEVART. I should be still more at a loss; for she is a charming young lady who merits esteem and affection.—KRONHELM. Granted: but does it follow that affection must always accompany esteem?—SIGEVART. I do not say that. But I presume that love quickly arises when one has the happiness to be beloved by the person who has inspired us with esteem.—KRONHELM. Not always my dear Sigevart; I feel at this moment, how much you deceive yourself. I think, as you

do, that Miss Stellman has conceived an affection for me; and for that reason I behaved with that reserve, which is not natural to me, in order to check her passion, rather than encourage it. We cannot be too guarded in our behaviour to young women. We should weigh every word we say to them, for they are so ready to interpret every thing in the manner most agreeable to their wishes, that we should avoid giving them any opportunity. A contrary mode of conduct, by flattering their vanity, and filling their imaginations with ideal triumphs, renders them at first, coquets, and afterwards, when they find that they have been deceived, distrustful and prudish. I could never bring myself to flatter a young woman, and to pretend that I attached great importance to the possession of her good opinion, if I did not sincerely aspire to the possession of her heart, and if I did not think that possession, the greatest of blessings. Now as I feel nothing of

the kind for Regina, it was necessary to be on the reserve, particularly as my first question concerning Silberling was imprudent in the extreme.

SIGEVART. Your principles are excellent, and it would be well for the world if every young man, would adopt them. But tell me what objection you have to Miss Stellman, notwithstanding she has so much to recommend her? KRON-

HELM. My indifference is founded on various reasons. There is a void in my heart, which she cannot fill. She pleases me; but that is all. Something tells me that she is not the object who was created for me alone; and who is destined to occupy, to animate my whole being— And then I will confess that there are things in her, which I do not like. All she said this evening about a country life, seemed to me, to be mere declamation, rather than the expression of sentiments flowing from the heart. I was particularly shocked with her behaviour to me. She

has seen too little of me to have a real, well-founded affection for me. Yet recollect her manner of offering herself; it was like saying, come let us be married. True love is silent. A person of her sex, who has the least notion of delicacy, will not act thus; she will always preserve a certain pride, a noble dignity, in short she will never make a tender of herself. No one values candour more than myself. A young person, who expresses her thoughts with an ingenuous and graceful modesty, is, in my eyes, the most amiable of beings, and if I may form any judgment from what you have said, and from her letters, your sister possesses this gift in a superior degree. But ask yourself if you see the same in Regina, and if she has not violated the delicacy of her sex, in speaking so explicitly.—SIGEVART. What you say Kronhelm is very right; yet perhaps it may be owing to some defect in her education: you should also remember, what she said to me,

of the distressing situation of her sex, which we condemn for those very things in which we freely indulge ourselves.—KRONHELM. Very well Sigevart; I say the same; one sex should have as much liberty as the other: we behave to women like tyrants. But these principles being once admitted, a young woman must submit to them, because she injures herself by departing from them. And, after all, these rules are, perhaps, not entirely the work of caprice. It is generally allowed that a young woman lowers her consequence by making a tender of herself. Every one feels it; and this feeling seems founded in nature. For the rest, I pity Regina. It is difficult to stifle a rising passion; and my heart felt for her, when I was obliged to treat her with such coldness. But we must now return to the college as soon as possible. I must by all means keep out of her way; and besides, I confess I am tired of being here. We will there-

fore tell my father, that the vacation ends this week; and that therefore we must go away in three days at farthest. Sigevart willingly agreed to this, for since the affair of the poor woman, he did not feel himself comfortable at the chateau. They therefore resolved to acquaint the baron the next day with their intended departure, and, after playing a few pieces on their violins, retired to bed. The next day Kronhelm and Sigevart acquainted the baron with their intention. What, said he, you are scarcely arrived, and you are going away already? I'll not agree to any such thing. Sigevart told him that the vacation was nearly at an end, and that their master would be displeased with them.—That's the consequence of being concerned with priests and monks. They spoil the best dispositions in the world, by making you pore for ever over those damn'd books. So go you shall not. They were obliged to promise to stay some time longer. But M. Veit's gout becoming next

day more severe, so that he could not go out with them as he had promised, he permitted them to depart. They went to his bedside to take leave of him. He wished them a pleasant journey, and told them that their visit had given him great pleasure. They were sorry to see him so ill, and having taken their leave of him, and of Charlotte, who cried at parting with her brother, mounted their horses, and set off for Gunzbourg. When they arrived at the college, their first care was to go to father Philip's apartment. What was their astonishment when they saw the room darkened, and father Philip in bed with the curtains drawn! father John was reading to him. Welcome my dear children, cried the good father, in a feeble and affectionate tone, I am glad to see you again; for it is God's will that I shall soon leave you. Do not weep, my young friends; I shall be happy; and father John, who also loves you, will supply my place. I have lived

long enough, and suffered enough. I hope we shall all meet again in a happier world. Kronhelm, give me your hand; now your's Sigevart; place them in each other, remain friends, behave in such a manner that you may attain happiness, and remember your faithful and affectionate master. The two friends, overwhelmed with grief, returned to their room, that they might not disturb the invalid by their sighs. They threw themselves on a chair, in silence. O God! exclaimed Sigevart at length, what is man? If I could die with father Philip, and you too Kronhelm! The latter, who was of a more cheerful temper, though plunged in the deepest affliction, endeavoured to console his friend, and exhorted him to have patience. In about half an hour they returned to the sick man's room, and looked through the door which stood a-jar. Father John made a sign to them, to approach the bedside. The cheeks of their friend

were overspread with a deadly paleness, and his eyes were closed in a gentle slumber. When he awoke he raised his hands above his head, clasped them together, and exclaimed; soon all will be over! Then he turned to the young men and smiled. He seemed to be praying; for his lips moved gently, and he kept his languishing eyes cast up towards heaven. Kronhelm and Sigevart easily obtained permission from father John, to sit up all night, as he was exhausted by having passed three nights watching by his dying friend. He begged them to wake him, if father Philip should grow worse. The latter conversed during the greatest part of the night. He discoursed with his young friends, very seriously, on the importance of the christian religion, and particularly of it's power to soften the horrors of a death-bed. Towards the morning he fell into a deep sleep, which seemed like the sleep of death. Kronhelm and Sigevart re-

tired, and throwing themselves on their bed, slept till noon. When they returned to father Philip's room, they found him awake. Sleep had restored his strength, he looked better, and the physician began to entertain some hopes. They were rejoiced at this change, and were continually at the bedside. In fact the good father recovered, and they had again the pleasure to see him in the school, and to walk out with him in an afternoon.—The world, said he one day, seems new to me: all is more beautiful than before. How happy am I, my children, to be still with you.—Two days after, the vacation terminated, and Sigevart was advanced into a higher class. Sometimes he went with Kronhelm, from whom he was never separated, to see a young man of the name of Grunbach, who studied with them, and whose parents lived in the city. This young man was of a serious, but rather violent temper. He had a great deal of knowledge

and emulation. When he wished to learn any thing, he studied incessantly till he had gained his end. He was jealous of the progress of Kronhelm and Sigevart, who were the best scholars. In a little time he equalled them in playing on the violin. They would have gone oftener to see him, if he had not been so fond of disputing, particularly on religion. His father was a rich merchant, who had formed great expectations of him. He furnished him with whatever he wished; clothes, books, instruments, &c. If any one came to see his son, he came into the room, opened a glass case, containing his books, displayed their elegant bindings, told them what they had cost him, and made a low bow, to any one, who spoke in praise of either himself or his son. If the young men played together on the violin, he came to listen to them, shook his head, and pretended to beat time with his foot, though he understood nothing of music. As

for his wife and daughter he never permitted them to come into the room on these occasions, because, as he said women always disturb good performers. Sigevart had written to Theresa an account of their visit to Mr. Veit, and did not forget Regina. Three weeks after she sent him an answer. She thanked him for his letter; and said it was astonishing Kronhelm should have a father so different from himself; that she esteemed him more on this account; and that she was much pleased he had seen Miss Regina, of whom she spoke in very high terms. She informed him that Charles was married to Miss Dollingen, and was settled near her father's. She concluded with many compliments to Kronhelm; whom she desired her brother to bring with him when he came to see her. Sigevart read this letter to Kronhelm, who was charmed with it; and told him that when he wrote again to his sister, he would inclose a note, to say how much he was pleased that her opinion of

Miss Regina, coincided so nearly with his own, though she judged rather more advantageously of her than he had done. This he accordingly did, and soon received an answer from Theresa, in which she thanked him for his good opinion of her, and permitted him to write to her now and then. She also invited him in her father's name, to pay them a visit at the holidays. Kronhelm was transported with joy on reading this letter. Sigevart had also received one, in which she told him, that she was reading Klopstock's Messiah; that it was a most excellent book, and she advised him to purchase it. Sigevart wrote immediately to a bookseller for three copies of the Messiah. When he received them he spent part of the night in reading it with Kronhelm: some evenings they took their violins; and in this manner amused themselves very agreeably during the winter. When spring came they walked in the garden with father Philip, and

read the poems of Kleist, particularly that upon the spring. When the holidays commenced, the two young men, set off to see Sigevart's father. He had often pressed them to it, and Theresa joined her request to her father's. By the way they stopped at the inn, where Sigevart had formerly seen the recruiting party. At this time there was only a gipsey there, who insisted on telling their fortunes. They refused for some time, but as she continued to teize them, Kronhelm at length held out his hand. Ah! young man, she cried, all sorts of happiness, plenty of money, long life, perfect health, and, to crown the whole, a charming little wife, and a dozen children into the bargain. Oh that's delightful! see young man, how happy you'll be :....you can afford to pay me well for so many good things. Sigevart was also obliged to give his hand.—I wish, said she, I could foretell you any thing good, but these lines do not permit it. Alas alas!...I see only pain, misery, fear and

affliction ; a spouse and no marriage ; health, but an untimely death ! take courage, young man, you have need of it !...poor thing !...I pity you, for you are good. But you see I am impartial ;...do not give me any thing, for I have foretold you only misfortunes ;...only take courage, for you have need of it. The young men paid little attention to her predictions, and continued their journey. About a league before they came to Dahlenberg, they saw Theresa, coming to meet them. The moment Sigevart got sight of her, he leaped out of the carriage, and ran to throw himself into her arms. She wept with joy, and embraced him tenderly.—Ah ! my dear Xavier, I see you once again ! how have I longed for this moment ! soon after the carriage came up, and Kronhelm alighted. She received him with an air of modest affability, which penetrated him to the soul. She contrived by her gaiety to keep up the conversation, both with Kronhelm

and her brother, and knew how to divide her attention between them.— I had almost guessed your face, Mr. Kronhelm.....I hope you will be happy with us: if it depended on us there would be no doubt about it; but who knows whether we shall succeed? at any rate I am sure your goodness will excuse us. Her brother looked at her incessantly, and the tears frequently came into his eyes. Kronhelm observed her with some inquietude, and spoke little. In general he was timid in the company of women; but the easy manners of Theresa soon rendered him more confident. When they approached the house, the elder Sigevart, came to meet them; he took his son by the hand, and received Kronhelm in a very friendly manner. As the day was fine, they dined under an arbour in the garden surrounded with flowers, all planted by the hand of Theresa. Charles and his new wife dined with them. He behaved with tolerable propriety.

to his brother and Kronhelm, but his wife looked cross, and spoke little. William was, as usual, indifferent and absent. The good old man was gay, and happy: he told stories of his youthful days, and encouraged the young people to tell him some in their turn. Theresa having left them to go into the house, he spoke highly in her praise, and commended her attention to the affairs of the family. After dinner the young people were left alone in the garden, and employed themselves in gathering apples and pears. Sigevart got upon the trees, and Kronhelm and Theresa picked up the fruit. Theresa was gay and sprightly, and Kronhelm, who, at other times, was of a serious turn, was insensibly led by her example to be gay too. They conversed in that agreeable and familiar manner, approaching to irony, which is so common among the Germans. In the evening he assisted her in watering her flowers. Afterwards they all sat down to a light supper in the

arbour, and remained till near midnight, engaged in friendly conversation. The next morning very early, Kronhelm heard Theresa's voice, and rose. She was playing on her harpsichord, in the next room, and accompanying it with her voice. He called out to her that he wished her a good morning. She started, and he came into the room. He entreated her to play and sing a few pieces, which she did without much pressing. Though she did not sing scientifically, her voice was clear and unaffected, and she knew how to give her music that expression of sensibility, which alone can render singing agreeable. They breakfasted with the bailiff, who soon left them to attend to his business. The conversation turned upon Klopstock, of whom they all spoke with enthusiasm. Theresa had copied those passages of Klopstock and Kleist with which she was most pleased, and which were in fact the best. Kronhelm read them; their sentiments

were almost always the same, and when any passage particularly struck them, they manifested at the same time, the pleasure and admiration with which they were filled. After dinner Kronhelm, Theresa, and Sigevart, went out to enjoy the beauty of the country. Kronhelm led Theresa. He spoke a great deal of his mother, his brother, and his sister, but particularly of his relations at Munich. She listened with interest to all he said. She was particularly charmed with the picture he drew of his eldest sister, and felt a rising attachment to her. Theresa was fond of flowers, especially of pansies. She saw some at the bottom of a steep bank, and exclaimed,—oh! what beautiful pansies! if one could but get them! Kronhelm descended without saying any thing, but the earth gave way under his feet. As he fell, he attempted to stop himself by taking hold of the branches of a shrub; but they broke, and his hand, striking against a pointed stump of a tree, was

much wounded. He got up, picked the flowers, and presented them to Theresa, without thinking of his hurt. She was very much vexed at it, reproaching herself as the occasion of the accident ; and feared Kronhelm would be displeased with her. He assured her of the contrary, and said he was gratified in having marks on him, to recall to his remembrance the time he had the happiness of being acquainted with her. She gave him her handkerchief, which he wrapped round his hand, and was charmed with the interest she appeared to take in him. As soon as they got home, she sent for a surgeon to dress his hand, and in future always dressed it herself. They continued to read Klopstock, especially the history of Semida, and Cidelia. Kronhelm read with so much expression, that Theresa's eyes were frequently filled with tears. The conformity of their sentiments unfolded itself more and more, and manifested itself in the most trifling circumstances. In the

afternoon a young peasant was to be buried. Theresa, her brother, and Kronhelm, went to the funeral. As they were passing the house of the deceased, they saw the coffin coming out of the door. It is a melancholy thing, said Sigevart, to think that the comfort and hopes of a whole family should be enclosed in a coffin. When they reached the burying ground, a young woman, dressed in black, broke through the crowd, as they were letting down the coffin into the grave, exclaiming in an agony of grief: O William, my dear William, I am then deprived of thee for ever! must I then lose thee my love? doest thou no longer hear the voice of thy Annette. No! William hears not the lamentations of her he loved. Alas! they bury thee my love, and I am left alone in the world! At these words she fell senseless upon the grave. It was with much difficulty she was brought to herself. During her swoon they had placed over the grave a cross of black wood, and

hung upon it a garland of box, ornamented with tinsel* : she hung a pink ribband upon it, saying there William, it came from you ; rest in peace. She was led away slowly by her mother, and one of her friends. It is cruel to lose a lover, said Theresa, looking at Kronhelm !—Yes, replied he, or a mistress.—He took her hand, and they quitted the grave without speaking. During the whole evening her heart was oppressed, with the recollection of what she had seen. They walked a little more, but were more serious than usual. During supper Theresa looked at Kronhelm, with a melancholy and thoughtful air : frequently her eyes met his, but she turned them aside immediately. After supper she played some mournful pieces on her harpsichord, and Kronhelm and Sigevart, executed some adagios on the violin. The heart of Theresa was full ; her bosom heaved

* This is a custom observed in many parts of Germany.

with involuntary sighs ; she looked at Kronhelm with emotion. He observed it, and was serious ; and for the first time the idea crossed his mind, whether it were possible she might love him.—They had agreed to go the next day to Windenheim. The morning being cloudy, Kronhelm was continually looking at the sky, to see if it would clear up. Theresa perceived it, and affected to say that it was going to rain. Kronhelm, who had promised himself much pleasure from this visit to the old curate, was vexed at the disappointment. At length the wind having dispersed the clouds, the sky became serene, and the eyes of Kronhelm seemed to assume a brighter cast. If it does not rain, said Theresa, you must help me to water, and immediately he and her brother went to the well for water. Kronhelm was so taken with Theresa, and felt such pleasure in her company, that he never quitted her ; and she, on her side, had the same pleasure in seeing him. When she left

the room, Kronhelm kept his eyes fixed upon the door : when she entered he could have fancied he saw an angel coming in. She looked at him, and he blushed ; and the roses on her own cheeks became of a deeper dye. It seemed there was some secret tie which bound them together ; but they suspected it not, for they knew not love. After dinner they went to Windenheim. They passed through a beautiful forest of fir-trees, whose dark foliage heightened by the green of several young oaks, formed numerous obscure and solitary retreats. Ah, said Kronhelm, I will live as a hermit in this forest. I will forsake the world, and dwell here in tranquillity and peace. —And do you think, cried Theresa, I will let you have the forest all to yourself? No ; I love solitude, and I will build a little hut. I will have a garden round my hermitage, and I will keep a few sheep. I will amuse myself in taming the birds in the forest, and throw plenty of corn to

them to make them familiar. I will receive no one from the city or even the village. How happy such a life will be!—KRONHELM. You will however sometimes see your relations and friends? at least once every six months. For my part, I shall sometimes see father John, and father Philip, and my sister.—THERESA. Certainly; your sister and my brother must also come and live here: don't you think so Xavier?—XAVIER. Undoubtedly, if I can; I shall always be with you, and even live in your cell: but we must visit each other like good neighbours.—THERESA.—Yes, sometimes in an evening, but not too often, for I know that Mr. Kronhelm and I should not agree: he has his fancies and I have mine; is it not so, Mr. Kronhelm?—KRONHELM. You are right Miss Theresa, our disputes would never have an end. But as we shall be neighbours, we shall be very glad to spend some evenings together. One grows tired of being

all alone ; and then the winter evenings are so long, if we have any disputes, Xavier and my sister can reconcile us. The warm imagination of Sigevart embraced with ardour, all these ideas ; he spoke with energy ; persuaded himself that it was possible ; and was angry that Kronhelm did not take it in as serious a light as himself. This conversation lasted till they got nearly to the house of the good curate. The old man, who had perceived them at a distance, came to meet them, and wished them a good day. He reproached Theresa, for having so long neglected to visit him. She excused herself ; saying that they had been hindered by her brother's marriage, and several other affairs. He found Sigevart so much grown, that he scarcely recollected him. He ordered coffee, and shewed them a little girl of seven years of age. She is one of my nieces, said the curate, I could not take charge of a boy ; they are too unruly, and too noisy for me : but this little thing is gentle and tractable ;

she already knows a little of gardening, and even helps me upon occasion. Philippina, shew miss Theresa the cabbages and flowers you have planted; she loves gardening, and will teach you many things if you are good—Theresa took Philippina on her knee, and asked her several questions. Kronhelm was delighted with the manner in which she adapted herself to the capacity of this child.—There are still a few pinks miss Theresa, said the curate, if you would like a nosegay. She gathered them, and presented them to Kronhelm, who thought them charming, because they came from Theresa. They staid with the curate till evening, so that it was already dark when they reached home. Theresa and Kronhelm were filled with a secret pleasure. They involuntarily pressed each others hands, looked at each other in silence; and then turned away their eyes, with an air of melancholy. Theresa seemed to have lost something of her natural gaiety.

The seriousness of her manner, the coolness of the evening, the silence of the forest, the softness of the air, and the charms of slumbering nature, overpowered them with a soft emotion, which brought tears into their eyes. After a long silence, she heaved a deep sigh, which she strove to stifle lest he should perceive it. They felt that they loved ; but they carefully avoided doing or saying any thing, that could disclose their sentiments. When they reached home, Theresa let her long dark hair float carelessly upon her shoulders. Kronhelm thought her charming, and told her so ; and from that time she appeared every evening in the same manner. They went to bed late, and Kronhelm dreamt the whole night of Theresa ; and when he awoke, his eyes were still moistened with tears of tenderness. Theresa rose early, and sat down to her harpsichord. She played and sang several tender airs, which she softened as much as possible for fear of

waking Kronhelm. He listened a considerable time and then came into the room. She blushed, and in a trembling voice wished him a good morning. Soon after Xavier came in, but left the room when he saw them together, for he had remarked the day before, the change that had taken place in them. They sat down, and began to read Klopstock. Kronhelm put his hand into that of Theresa, who requested him to begin again the history of Semida and Cidelia;—It is so tender! so affecting.—She wept while he was reading, leaned her head against the back of her chair, and raised her eyes to heaven, sometimes turning them upon Kronhelm. What a man! She exclaimed: in what colours has he painted love! Yes, said Kronhelm, and at that moment Xavier entered. Sigevart, said Kronhelm, on Theresa's leaving the room, to get breakfast, you have an amiable sister. She is a very good girl, answered Xavier smiling.—After breakfast,

captain Northerm came, with a lieutenant, to pay a visit to the bailiff. Sigevart and Kronhelm were much pleased at this circumstance, as they had long wished to be acquainted with him. They were charmed with his easy manners; and he was equally pleased with their politeness and attention to him. At their request he shewed them the portrait of Kleist. They looked at it with a degree of religious respect, and fancied they could trace in it, all that they had found in his poems. Theresa joined them: her esteem for the captain was very observable. The young lieutenant endeavoured to attract her notice, by continually uttering the most extravagant compliments. She received them coldly, and paid little attention to his assiduities. Kronhelm was disturbed, and looked at Theresa with uneasiness. The captain, at Sigevart's request, related many anecdotes of the King, and the events of the war. Sigevart observed, that the life of

an officer, must be happiest in time of war. Very seldom said Northerm: you may conceive what a man of any feeling must suffer, at the sight of the general misery, wherever he goes: every thing has been, or is shortly to be laid waste. The unhappy peasant frequently has not bread to eat, and is even often obliged, in order to save his life, to abandon his home, and hide himself in the depths of the forests. Wherever we turn our eyes, they meet only wretched beings, maimed, pale, devoured by hunger, and vexation. Every where we are regarded as enemies, every where received with execrations. We have also our own sufferings. Once we were a whole week without bread. We had only coarse biscuit, so hard we could scarcely break it, and meat, the sight of which disgusted us. In this condition we had to fight; after the battle, I searched in the knapsacks of twenty Austrians for a morsel of bread; but in vain; they were as much distressed as ourselves. At

length we received bread from Breslau. Ah, if you had seen how greedily it was devoured! Some eat till they were ready to burst. What a scene is a field of battle! Here one finds an arm, there a body; all is noise and confusion; and now and then, for a moment, there is an awful interval of silence, which is soon broken by the tremendous thunder of the artillery, the shrieks of those who are calling for assistance, and the groans of the dying: Sometimes too, one meets with the body of a friend weltering in his blood. The night before the battle of Torgau, I spent with an officer of my own regiment, who was my dearest friend. We talked over the events of past days; we recalled the first moments of our union; the thoughtless hours of our youth; the pleasures we had enjoyed; the afflictions we had endured together. Overcome with emotion, we locked our hands together, and swearing once more an eternal friendship embraced and parted. After the en-

gagement, I traversed the field of battle, in search of my friend, and found his head, which had been carried off by a cannon ball. I fell senseless at the sight. Soon after, on entering a city in the neighbourhood, I saw his wife who came to meet me with her four children. She enquired after her husband, and I was obliged to acquaint her with his fate. She burst into an agony of despair, and called down curses on me, the war, and the universe. Thus have I lost many friends, and among the rest Kleist. A soldier should have no friends, for he is every hour in danger of losing them: yet 'tis melancholy to live without. I should much rather live in peace, and apply to some science. If I have any good advice to give you, it is, never to go into the army.—The young lieutenant, however, maintained that it was an agreeable life; as it enabled a man to shew his courage, and that an officer was well received every where, especially by the ladies.

This discourse did not gain much attention.—Afterwards they went to walk in the garden. The young officer conducted Theresa. Kronhelm, who was naturally given to jealousy, followed them; plucking the leaves as he went along, and tearing them with vexation. Theresa sometimes turned round and looked at him very anxiously; but he pretended not to notice it, or turned his head another way. Then he affected to talk cheerfully and to seem in high spirits, though he was very far from being so. At length he went with Sigevart and Captain Northerm into an adjoining meadow. When he returned, he found the lieutenant and Theresa sitting together in the arbour. This made him still more angry. He behaved in the most extravagant manner, without noticing her. At length she left the officer, and walked alone about the garden, frequently looking at Kronhelm, as if she wished him to come and join her;

but he remained obstinately seated, and continued his conversation. When she returned, he said he would go into the army, and get killed—You will do no such thing said Theresa. Why not? replied he; do you suppose I want courage? If so, you do not know me.—At length, captain Northerm and the lieutenant took leave. The latter, after he had mounted his horse, kissed his hand once more to Theresa. Kronhelm laughed at him with an air of raillery, and bit his lips. When he went up to his room, he took his violin, and played in the most furious manner whatever came into his head. When he was called to dinner he placed himself opposite to Theresa, his eyes cast down in silence till the conversation turned upon the lieutenant. He is a coxcomb, said Theresa. Kronhelm took his part, and defended him, but with an ironical tone. Old Sigevart, who had yet observed nothing, could not account for this conduct; but Xavier

was not deceived. Theresa was silent and melancholy. After dinner, she went with her brother into the garden, and Kronhelm went with the elder Sigevart and conversed about captain Northerm. The bailiff, who was afraid of the damp, soon went in, and then Kronhelm walked about the garden alone. He passed near Xavier and Theresa, who joined him. You seem to be vexed at something to day Mr. Kronhelm, said Theresa.—A little miss—(during this time Xavier retired.)—THERESA. Have you any reason to be so? I am certainly not the cause of it?—KRONHELM. No! — THERESA. No; and yet you do not look at me, or if you do, seem quite confused.—KRONHELM. Confused? you are mistaken miss: 'tis mere fancy.—THERESA. I do not think it sir. It seems to me that the lieutenant is the occasion of it.—KRONHELM. Perhaps so: I don't know myself.—THERESA. You don't know yourself? Oh my dear Kronhelm! I

should be very sorry you should be displeased with me. If you think I was pleased with the attentions of the lieutenant, you do not know me; I assure you I wished him away from me.—KRON. Is it true, miss Theresa?

THER. Nothing can be more so: how could I deceive you; indeed sir, I prefer you to all the young persons I have hitherto seen.—Here she looked at him with tenderness, and her eyes swimming in tears. Kronhelm took her hand, kissed it with ardour, and said, dear Theresa!—he was silent.—After some time, he continued; forgive me, I was unjust—I do not deserve your affection. Theresa pressed his hand, and he gave her for the first time a chaste and tender kiss. (*after a long silence*)

—THERESA. Are you still angry Mr. Kronhelm?—KRONHELM. In heaven's name do not mention it any more! How could I behave thus? I can only entreat you to pardon me. Ah! my dear friend, do I not ask too much? I was senseless, unjust;

I deserve your hatred, and contempt.

—THERESA. Do yourself justice Mr. Kronhelm; forget the lieutenant; God knows I did not wish to offend you: are you entirely convinced of it?—KRONHELM. Yes entirely, my dear friend; I blush at my conduct, but I was blinded; forgive me.—They seated themselves upon the grass, and wept. They cast down their eyes, scarcely daring to look at each other; they sighed deeply, and then faintly smiled through their tears. Sometimes they looked up at the moon, as she shed her trembling rays through the fleeting clouds, that passed rapidly across her silver surface. Whenever I look at the moon, in future, said Kronhelm, I shall call to mind this delicious evening. It is so distressing to separate just as one begins to be acquainted! but we shall meet again.—The countenance of Theresa fell; and the tears as they trickled down her cheeks, sparkled in the moonlight, like dew drops at the rising of Aurora on the bosom of

the opening rose. They were long silent; till Xavier advanced slowly towards them through the shrubs. Do you mean to pass the night here he cried? whence do you come; asked Theresa? I was sitting at no great distance, said he; I have been looking at the moon, and thinking of our hermitage. What a pleasure it will be, to pass such delicious evenings in conversing together; they may say, what they please; but after all a religious and retired life is the one best suited to a feeling heart. Ah! if we were in our forest! Theresa looked at Kronhelm with a smile, not chusing to disturb her brother in his agreeable reverie. She gave her hand to Kronhelm, and her hair which he had untied without perceiving it as they sat upon the grass, floated upon her white dress. Kronhelm was at the summit of joy; for he felt for the first time the pleasure of being loved. Sigvart also, took his sister by the hand, and felt in his heart a desire he had

never before experienced, and which he could not define. He heaved involuntary sighs; and was filled with mingled emotions of joy and melancholy. At midnight they retired. Theresa remained alone in her room, and played in the dark some tender airs upon her harpsichord. Kronhelm, who was already in bed, listened with rapture, and it was not till very late, that the pleasing images dancing before his fancy permitted him to go to sleep.

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END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.